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LOST.

BY M. N. E.

In other years, when life was gay,
And I was young and knew not care,
I took a gem of priceless worth,
And idly placed it in my hair.
I marked not when the breezes wild,
That through my locks did rudely play,
Unloosed the jewel from my brow;
It fell to earth, and there it lay.

Time drove the roses from my cheek,
And dimmed the radiance of mine eye,
And then I thought me of the gem
That I had cast so lightly by.
I went to seek it where it fell:
And while I searched in vain the place,
I saw another maiden pass,
A vision fair of youth and grace.

And lo! upon her brow of snow,
I saw my long-lost treasure shine,
Far, far less brilliant than of yore;
And yet I knew that it was mine.
I stretched my hand, and eager cried:
"Give back, restore what is mine own!"
She answering said: "Nay; once 'twas thine;
But now 'tis mine, and mine alone!"

"I found the gem thou couldst not prize
Lying unheeded in the mire;
I cleansed it with my love's pure tears,
And now 'tis all my heart's desire."
She went her way; and I was left
To gaze into a cold blank life,
Of love and hope alike bereft,
A cheerless lot of toil and strife.

UNDER WILD SKIES.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "BENEATH THE SEA."

CHAPTER V.

THERE was an intercessor at hand, for at that moment, flushed and excited, the girl threw open the door, caught at the falling cane, and succeeded in screening the boy.

"How dare you interfere!" cried Raby, turning white with passion.

"Because I can't bear to sit and hear you beat that boy as you do," cried the girl—"you as I heard you promise his poor dear mar on her dying bed as you'd be a father to him."

"Silence, girl!" roared Raby. "How dare you interfere? But I'll have no more of it. You leave this house to morrow."

"Which I just won't; so there," cried the girl, passionately, as, giving a stamp with her well shaped foot, she threw her arms round the boy.

"My good girl," said Raby, "I've borne with your impertinence till you have gone too far. You mean well, perhaps, but your interference only brings down greater punishment on that young rascal's head. Now leave the room."

"I won't!" cried the girl, passionately. "She begged me with almost her last words to stop with him, and I'll never——"

"You insolent girl!" roared Raby, rushing towards her; but Walter, now fearless for his own safety, forced himself between, and received a keen cut with the cane without a cry; and Raby was raising his arm for a second blow, when there was a sharp rap at the door.

"Stand back!" cried Raby, mindful of appearances even in his anger; and he dragged the boy a few feet from the girl as he shouted "Come in."

A woman opened the door, to give a quick look of curiosity from one to the other.

"Well, what is it?" said Raby.

"Mr. Barker, sir, says he wants to see you particular," said the woman, speaking to her master, but glancing from the girl to the boy and back.

"I'll come down," said Raby, hastily, and the woman left the room. "Now look here, sir—get to your work at once. I save this for you, mind," and he threw the cane down upon the table. "As for you, pack your box, come to me for your wages and go."

He darted a malignant look at the girl, and then left the room.

"Which I just won't; so now then," cried the girl, furiously, and loud enough for Raby to have heard had he paused outside. "Oh; how I should like to!" she cried, running to the table, snatching up the cane and shaking it menacingly at the door. "Only a month dead, and her poor boy served like this. But there's an end of it with this," and, setting her teeth hard, the girl bent and twisted the cane about in her efforts to break it but failing in every attempt. "Never mind, my boy, he sha'n't have it again."

She crossed the room as the boy watched her, and threw the cane on the top of the bookcase. Then, turning sharply, she caught the boy in her arms, kissing, sobbing over him, and ending by seating herself on the floor and holding his cheek, now showing a livid weal, against her bosom.

"Oh," said the boy, passionately, as the tears he had kept back now gushed from his eyes—"oh," he sobbed, "I wish I was dead."

"Don't, my darling; it's wicked. But I wish somebody else was. Ah, how could poor dear missis be so foolish as to marry such a man? I hate men," said the girl, her bright, comely face flushing up till her broad, white forehead was pink. "They're good for nothing. I never saw one worth that," and she snapped her fingers. "Mr. Barker—Mr. Raby—a pretty pair, forsooth. Sooner than a man should ever have me, I'd—I'd—I'd— What say, my darling?"

"Oh," sobbed the boy, "he said you were to go."

"I know he did—a demon!" cried the girl viciously. "Let him say it, and say it again, till his tongue aches, and then I won't."

"But—but he'll turn you out," sobbed the boy.

"Then I'll live on the doorstep, and sleep on the scraper. But that's all talk," said the girl, nodding her head. "He daren't send me away, I know too much. If he did, I'd go straight to the lawyers; and if I did, he knows he wouldn't get a penny of the interest on your money, my dear. Let him turn me out, if he dares."

"Don't say any more," said the boy, nestling to her; "don't make him cross, or he may send you away, and I'd sooner—sooner," he continued, shuddering, "that he cut me to pieces, as he said he would, than send you away."

"My own darling!" cried the girl, softening down and caressing him, as her own tears now flowed fast, "I won't, then, for your sake. Oh! missis, missis, why didn't you stay to look after him?"

"Talk to me about mamma," cried the boy eagerly.

"But what about her, my darling; what shall I say?"

"Oh," said the boy, eagerly, "I'm never tired of hearing about her. I like to hear you talk about her long, soft, silky brown hair and her gentle, loving eyes."

"Yes, and her kind, pleasant ways," said the girl, with a sob. "Ah, my boy, she was five hundred times too good for him; and now I 'spose there's to be another as soon as he can decently do it."

"Another what?" said the boy, wonderingly.

"Another Mrs. Raby, my boy," said the girl, passionately. "He thinks I don't know what a scamp he is, and how he visited her while poor missis was alive, and that he's been since; but I know, and I've seen the letters."

"But isn't that very wicked?"

"What, to see the letters?" said the girl, coloring.

"No, no; to go and see the other lady when my poor mamma was alive?"

"Wicked, my boy? Wicked aint nothing to it; it's worse. But that's men, that is; the wretches! Oh, I hate the lot!"

"And will papa—I mean Mr. Raby—marry again?"

"As soon as he can, with any show of decency, my boy. Mark my words if he don't. It's his nasty, handsome, careless face does it; and then there'll be another tyrant for my poor boy. And does he think I'll go? No, that I won't."

"I don't understand all this," said the boy, wearily. "Then Mr. Raby will marry some one else?"

"Yes; a fine young madame, with money."

The boy sat dreamily looking at the window for some time, while his companion smoothed his hair in a quiet, thoughtful fashion.

"Why, what are you thinking about?" she said, at last.

"I was thinking about being dead," said the boy, in a strange tone.

"Why, bless the boy! Don't look in that dreamy, far-off way; you give me the shivers."

"I should like to see that picture again," said the boy.

"What, of your mar! Well, he keeps it in that drawer. That's where he keeps it, if it isn't sold."

She led the way to one of the old-fashioned, circular-fronted secretaires, and pulling out a drawer, took from it a miniature, plainly set in gold, and placed it in the boy's hand.

"That's exactly like what she was when I first came to be your nursemaid. Ah, how she altered, poor thing! But there, bless us and save us, he's coming. There, boy, get to your books. He's coming with that Mr. Barker. Work away, and don't make him cross; it's best not. Make haste and put that picture back."

Saying this, and evidently thinking peace would answer her purpose better than open war, the girl hurried out of the room.

CHAPTER VI.

PLANS.

THE girl was right. The steps she had heard were those of her master, Walter ran to the secretaire to replace the miniature, but the steps and voices sounded so near, that he did not attempt his mission, but hurried to the table, caught up the first book that came to hand, and ran to his corner in the window seat, where the curtain fell before him, effectually concealing his presence from those who entered.

Barker came in first, and threw himself in a chair by the table.

"You're too bad, Raby—'pon my soul, you're too bad. Here I stopped away in the most gentlemanly manner possible, because of your troubles, and now you're not ready."

"Growl away," said Raby.

"Growl! It's enough to make any man growl. With that fifty pounds I could have done something for independence, instead of drudge, drudge, drudge for others. I'm sick of it."

"Yes," said Raby, coolly taking a seat opposite, after placing spirits and water bottle on the table. "You said that before. Fill your glass and take a cigar."

"Spirits, cigars! Yes, you can give me them."

"Well, they don't cost me anything," said Raby. "I get them on credit."

"I thought so," said Barker; "they're so bad. You might have managed that money. I thought you were all right now?"

"Worse off than ever," said Raby, smoking coolly, after lighting a match and throwing it down to make a hole in the carpet.

"So am I," said Barker, "and I'm sick of being other people's servant."

"But you haven't done so badly—supercargo of a good vessel at one or two and twenty."

"Yes; but I meant to be skipper—owner," said Barker; "and I will, too, before I've done."

"I don't doubt you," said Raby; "you're cunning and persevering enough."

"Perhaps so," said Barker, smoking hard, after draining his glass. "We were schoolfellows, Raby, though you are seven years older, and you know my temperament. I must have wealth and position, wine and women. I'll not drudge through my bit of life."

"And how will you get them?"

"Not by marrying pretty widows, James Raby, with ready-made sons, and fortunes tied to them, if they live."

"Let that rest, please," said Raby, angrily.

"As long as you like, my boy. But, I say, shall you get spliced again."

"Some day, perhaps. What if I do?"

"Oh, nothing. Money!"

"Bah! You're always thinking about money."

"Yes. I want my fifty pounds. Has she—any?"

"Pretty well for that."

"And you're without a penny," said Barker, laughing, as he raised his glass to his lips. "Well, it's better to be born lucky than rich—that is, if you have a handsome face. But, I say, Raby, you'll want money over this; to carry on the war."

"Oh, it's not for many months to come," said Raby. "Plenty of time yet."

"Time for you to do a stroke of business with me."

"What! and lose another fifty? No, thanks."

"How about the old folks—the young lady's papa and mamma?"

"Don't talk about it now," said Raby. "Let's be decent."

"Oh, yes, of course," laughed Barker, "on account of an attachment to the dear departed. It's all right, my boy; Hamlet's mother set the fashion! She married very soon after her husband's death, and he was poisoned."

Raby directed a sharp look at his companion's face, but he could read nothing but mirthful banter in his face, so he remained silent?

"The old people think you are well off, on the strength of this boy's money, I suppose?"

"Hang them! yes," said Raby.

"And if they know you hadn't a penny—were in debt?"

"They'd throw me over," said Raby, bitterly.

"Of course they would, my dear boy; and very business like of them, too. Ah, James Raby, you ought to have managed that last affair better, and got that money."

"Will you leave that subject alone?"

"As you will; but, look here. You want money badly yourself. So do I; and I assume that you want to pay me."

"Yes," said Raby, "if only for the sake of getting rid of you."

"Exactly. Well, then, why not take my offer, a few hundreds turning over in a month to double?"

"Did I not tell you in the other room that I had no money for speculation?"

"Yes," said Barker, "you told me so; but look here, I really am off now directly to the Gold Coast. Get me three, four, or five hundred pounds to spend in rum, powder, and nick nacks, beads, and so on, and I'll undertake to bring you back double the money in gold and ivory and plumes."

"The same old tale," said Raby, impatiently. "You know I have no money."

"And don't want to make it," said Barker.

"Of course I do," was the response; "I'm horribly pinched."

"You believe in me and my specs, I suppose, Raby?"

"Oh, yes; I believe you'll always make money somehow."

"And if you had money, then, you would embark it with me?"

"Yes," said Raby, "of course; but why do you ask?"

"You hold that boy's fortune in trust?"

"Partly—yes."

"And if he died before coming of age it would be yours?"

"Yes," said Raby, impatiently; "but why bring that up to make me mad?"

"Use some of the money," said Barker, in a whisper.

"Why, man, it would be stealing," said Raby, aghast.

"Nonsense, man; borrowing to pay back again."

"And suppose I lost it?" said Raby.

"Suppose he died before he was twenty-one?" said Barker, with an insidious smile.

"Pish! nonsense!" exclaimed Raby, excitedly, while the other was like ice.

"No nonsense, man," he said, "Use the money and speculate with it, and pay it back with interest if you like. With fifteen hundred pounds we could make thousands and tens of thousands."

"Barker," cried Raby, "if I listened to you for long you would get me in a gaol."

"Don't be a cur, man," said Barker, in a low, eager voice. "I tell you tens of thousands. We go to unfrequented parts, where the blacks are like children; and there's a huge fortune to be made—thousands upon thousands, I tell you. Trash turns to gold and ivory; cotton cloth to ostrich plumes."

As he leaned forward, pouring in his words to no unwilling ears, Walter Wayland, excited by the description, drew the curtain aside and sat listening.

"But this is sheer absurdity, Barker," said Raby, impatiently.

"Nonsense!" cried Barker. "Nonsense to be wealthy; to make sure of your pretty wife; to be able to buy any position you like? I tell you it's a very gold mine I go to, and that there's any amount of money to be made."

"I have none to speculate with," said Raby, sulkily.

"But you have—in charge," said Barker.

"And if I take it, I am a thief."

"Don't call things by stupid names. Why if it were only to do the boy good, you might use it—use it for his benefit. If your conscience is so very tender, double his little fortune when you've made your own."

"Yes, I might do that," said Raby, eagerly.

"To be sure you might," said Barker, hardly suppressing a sneer.

"But," said Raby, glancing towards the door, "if I did use a portion of this money, and we lost it, what then?"

"A hundred things," said Barker, eagerly, for he felt that his fish was biting. "We might make the money by a fresh spec. Or the boy might die, eh? He might go off to sea with me, and be washed off the deck in a storm—by accident, of course; or the sharks might eat him when he was bathing—by accident, of course; and——"

The men started from their chairs, for at that moment there was a sharp, shrill cry of horror, and, with his hands to his ears, the object of much of their conversation and plotting stood trembling in the middle of the room.

CHAPTER VII.

LOST.

FOR a few moments Raby stood as if petrified; Barker, on the contrary, shrugged his shoulders, laughed, sat down, mixed himself a stiff glass of whiskey and water, and lit a fresh cigar.

"You scoundrel!" exclaimed Raby, seizing the boy by the collar, and trembling with excitement and passion, "you've been listening. What have you heard? Tell me this instant."

"I could not help hearing, sir," said the boy, piteously. "I was sitting there reading, and you began to talk of foreign parts and——"

"You prying dog!" cried Raby, forcing the boy upon his knees.

"Come, come, come" said Barker, getting up and laying his hand upon his friend's arm. "Gently, Raby, gently. You frighten the poor boy. There, there, get up, my man. Your father don't mean anything, only you frightened him, coming out like a ghost."

"He's not my father," cried the boy, passionately.

"No, no, of course not; I forgot," said Barker, smiling. "Reading, were you? There, there, let's see what you were reading;" and as he spoke he patted the boy on the head, and took the book he had dropped from the floor, while Raby drew angrily aside, scowling, like the weak, vain despot he was, and ready to yield at any moment to a stronger mind.

"Captain Marryat, eh?" said Barker, smiling. "Ah! all about the sea. You like reading about the sea?"

"Yes," said Walter, shrinking from him, "I do."

"He's always wasting his time over such books," said Raby angrily.

"Yes, yes, boys will do it, I know," said Barker, smoothly. "But there, you let me talk to him for a few moments."

"No; I'll have no nonsense," said Raby, sharply. "That's all over; what you said was impossible."

"Who said it was not?" said Barker, quietly. "You go away, and let me talk to the boy, I tell you. Here, light a fresh cigar."

Raby hesitated a moment or two, and made as if to speak, but Barker looked at him so steadily and with such perfect *sang froid*, that he gave his foot an impatient stamp, and walked to the bay window to stand looking out.

Just at the same moment the girl opened the door, and was coming in, but seeing that the room was still occupied, she drew back unseen, and was going away, but she was restrained by Barker's words, and stopped with the door ajar listening.

"You like the sea, then, my man?" said Barker, kindly; but the boy shrank away all the same.

"You like to read about the sea?"

"Yes," said Walter, holding off.

"What devil's game is this?" said the girl, outside the door.

"Ah!" said Barker, "it's a fine life, my man. You heard me talking to him about gold and ivory and feathers?"

"Yes," said Walter, still hanging back, and looking at him suspiciously, "I heard."

"Don't be afraid, my man. I'm not cross with you. Ah! it's a wonderful life—the sea."

"Yes, I dare say it is," said the girl to herself.

"We see wonders there, my boy," continued Barker, "such as you could hardly dream of. We go to places where we see gold and beautiful birds and wonderful trees and strange beasts and fishes."

"Just as if the boy's head was not full enough of such stuff," muttered the girl.

"Look here, Walter, my boy," said Barker, "you don't get on very well with him; but we two would get on capitally together. Come to sea with me, and I'll show you all the wonders of the world. I'll take you and——"

As he spoke, he had taken the boy's arm and drawn him between his knees; but as he said these latter words, the boy's eyes dilated and he struggled to get away.

"No, no, no," he said, speaking passionately. "I heard what you said. You'd drown me, or throw me to the sharks, or let me be washed away. You both want me dead."

"I cannot stand this, Barker," said Raby, turning from the window to seize the boy by the collar, at the same time raising his hand to strike him. "The boy's unbearable."

Walter shrieked out as he saw the savage blow impending, and as he did so the girl was hurrying in; but she stopped short on seeing Barker arrest his companion's hand, and retired directly after unseen.

"No, no" said Barker, laughing; "don't hit him. The poor boy heard all we said; and he thinks we meant it."

"You do mean it—you do," cried the boy, defiantly. "You want the money."

"I'll break every bone——"

"No, no, no," cried Barker, again arresting the arm that Raby had raised to strike "You are so impetuous. That's not the way to deal with a boy. Let me speak."

"They want his money, do they?" said the girl to herself.

"You foolish boy," began Barker; but the boy interrupted him, speaking quickly, and with impetuous earnestness to Raby, whose arm he caught.

"Mr. Raby, sir, please sir, take all the money, and let me go away—go away somewhere—never, never to come back any more."

"And he shall, too," muttered the girl; "bless him. I can't let him stay here."

"Another word," cried Raby, furiously, "and I'll cut you to pieces! You dog!" he said, striking the boy, and then flinging him heavily down, Barker not attempting now to interfere. "Here, come in the next room," he said to the supercargo, "or I shall do the dog a mischief."

He turned to the door, leading the way; and the listener had hardly time to glide away before his hand was upon the lock, and he had thrown the portal open.

But Barker hung back for a moment to make a signal to the boy. It was in vain, though, for the little fellow shrank away from him with distrust written so plainly in his frank young features that Barker strode from the room with an oath.

The door was no sooner closed behind the two boon companions than Walter rose slowly from the floor where he had been flung, and stood looking fearfully around.

"Oh, what have I done?" said the boy, piteously. "What shall I do? He'll send her away," he said, dashing the tears from his eyes and trying hard to suppress his sobs; "and then—then they'll kill me."

He stood wringing his hands childishly for a few moments, and then, making an effort to be manly, he stood thinking.

"I'm a big boy now," he said, "only I'm such a coward. I wonder whether boys of eleven do cry when they're beaten. I won't any more, if I could only get away—far away to some beautiful country, all sunshine and golden sands"

He stopped again, thinking; and then ran to the door, which he opened gently, and Barker's voice was heard plainly saying, "You leave him to me; I'll soon settle him."

"I'm more afraid of him," said the boy, closing the door with a shudder, "than I am of Mr. Raby. Oh! if I could but get away, like other boys have before now."

Then, unable to control his curiosity, he ran to the door once more and listened, to hear Raby's voice this time.

"What would you do out there?" said Raby.

"I could not get out that way. I wonder whether she could hear me," said the boy; and then, in a loud whisper, he called, "Hist, hist! Ah, she cannot hear me; what shall I do?"

He stood looking pitifully around for a few moments, and then ran to the window

"How quickly the tide runs," he said, looking down at the flowing water. "There's a ship. If I were on board, it would take me far away, perhaps to some happy land where I could write to her to come to me I wonder whether I could swim so far? I think I'll try. Oh, he's coming back"

He darted away from the window as he heard Raby's step outside; and he was in the act of picking up his slate when his step father entered and caught him roughly by the collar.

"Idling and dreaming still; you will have it."

"Oh, don't; pray don't, sir," cried the boy, with a shriek of dread.

"There, get to your work," cried Raby, savagely; and the boy crouched at the table over his slate, as his step-father picked up the cigar case and left the room.

"There," sobbed the boy, "I cried out again like that when he shook me, and I did try not to. I'm such a coward; he frightens me so. Oh, I can't bear it!" he exclaimed, as throwing away his slate he went once more to the window. "I must go. I'll try and swim away."

He leaned out of the open window, looking down upon the clear, sparkling water, about six feet below. Then he climbed down from the sill, and ran back to the door to call once more in a whisper.

"Hist! hist! Oh, she can't hear me!" he exclaimed. "I should like to tell her I was going, and that I'd write to her to come Why they are talking about me!" he exclaimed, excitedly. "They are coming back."

He stood listening for a few moments.

"Mr Barker, to take me away with him!" he cried, in agony. "Oh, no, no! He'd throw me overboard to the sharks. Oh, what shall I do?"

The boy was half wild with horror, and running to the window he stood on the sill ready to leap down into the water, but only to climb back, shuddering.

As he climbed back though, the voices of Raby and Barker, evidently approaching, seemed to galvanize him into action. He stripped of jacket and vest, and tied them hastily in his pocket handkerchief; then he mounted the locker once more, where he went down on his knees, joining his hands in prayer, and remained with bent head for a few moments

As he knelt there the voices sounded very near, though their owners had evidently paused in the passage.

The boy started to his feet listening, his eyes and nostrils dilated, and every pulse palpitating with excitement.

"He's coming to fetch me—to take me away, dear. I'll send to you soon," he whispered, eagerly. Then, with childlike faith and trust, he climbed and stood right out on the window sill, saying softly, "Pray, God, help me to swim so far," joined his hands, and plunged in.

As the water circled and glistened over the boy's head, and lapped loudly against the weed-hung piles, Raby turned the handle of the door, and the two men entered slowly, smoking.

"Speak kindly to him, old fellow," said Barker, with his hand upon his companion's shoulder. "Tell that was all nonsense, and he'll go with me"

"Look here, Walter," said Raby, thickly. "I want a few words with you—eh? The boy's not here."

"Gone to his own room, perhaps. Well, go and fetch him. And I say, be a little smooth with him. You frighten the boy to death"

As he spoke, Barker knocked the ashes from his cigar, walked to the cracked mirror and arranged his hair complacently before slowly crossing to the window.

"Well, why don't you fetch him down?" said Barker, turning as he reached the window and looking hard at Raby, who stood biting his nails. "Haven't burked the boy, have you?"

"Pish!" ejaculated Raby, impatiently. "I'll fetch him down."

He went to the farther door, which led by a flight of stairs to the little study, where Walter had been so often made a prisoner, when an exclamation from Barker checked him and made him turn sharply round.

"Good heavens!" muttered Barker, "did he come for this?" Then aloud, "Very clever, Mr. James Raby. When you came to fetch the cigars."

"What do you mean?" cried Raby, trembling like a leaf.

"This way, this way," cried Barker, paying no heed to Raby; but shouting from the window. "This way; you'll never do it."

"What—for God's sake, what is it?" cried Raby, hoarsely, as he stood half paralyzed in the middle of the room.

"Well acted!" cried Barker, facing round for a moment. "Swimming there for his life, most pluckily."

"Good God!" groaned Raby, covering his face with his hands.

"He swims well," cried Barker, excitedly, as he leaned from the window, dropping his cigar, which fell with a sharp hiss in the water. "Brave boy, bravo. It's too much for him."

"Go on, man; go on," cried Raby, hoarsely, as he stood there with bent head, and his hands still to his eyes.

"There isn't a boat for half a mile," said Barker, in a hoarse whisper; "and he's a good two hundred yards from the shore. Hang it! I can't stand and see him drown."

As he spoke he tore off coat and vest, necktie and braces, and tried to get rid of his boots.

"Yes, save him, Barker, save him," cried Raby, hoarsely. "Call—call for help."

"It's too late," said Barker, with a catching of the breath. "He must go down before I could get half way there. No help can reach him now. He fights well, though; he's trying to float; now he's down; the water's over him; no, there's a hand; down once more; he's sinking, poor lad. No, hurrah! he's up once more. Brave boy, brave boy! fighting well. Ah!"

Barker shuddered as he stood with eyes closed for a moment, and the big drops of sweat upon his face; and as he stood, a faint, wailing shriek was heard to float off the water.

As that cry reached his ears, Raby literally staggered to the window and caught Barker by the arm.

"This is too horrible," he said. "Help! for God's sake, help!"

"It's too late, Raby, too late; but you've acted well."

"Acted—acted!" stammered Raby.

"Or else you're repenting. But it's too late; the tide has swept the boy away, and the money is ours."

As he spoke, the girl, who had been alarmed by the cry for help, rushed into the room and glanced from one to the other; and then, as a second and fainter wail came off the water, she ran to the window to stand staring out for a few moments, and then utter a cry of horror.

"Help! help! Oh, help!" she cried.

"It's too late," said Barker, wiping his forehead and shuddering; "the boy is drowned."

"Yes, drowned! drowned!" cried the girl, furiously; "as I might have known he'd be, and you two are murderers."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

AN UNLUCKY REGIMENT.—The recent fate of the Twenty-fourth Regiment of the British line is peculiarly melancholy. The regiment is nearly 200 years old, having been originally embodied by William of Orange in 1691, for service in the Flemish war and the Netherlands. Its records show a tour of service unsurpassed by any other regiment in the British army for variety and hard knocks, and it has always been unlucky. Its first experience was a disaster, being almost annihilated at the battle of Steenkirke when it was hardly two years old. Subsequently it suffered out of all proportion to its comrades at Blenheim, Ramillies and Malplaquet, and was finally relieved and sent home in the latter part of Queen Anne's war, in consequence of the impossibility of keeping its ranks recruited. Forty years afterwards it had an almost similar experience on the same ground in the war of the succession; and still later, in the eighteenth century, it suffered immense losses, and was at last captured bodily in the American Revolution. Returning to England, it enjoyed only a few years of rest when it was sent to Egypt, and participated in Sir Ralph Abercrombie's operations, where its bad luck did not desert it. Thence the regiment went to the Peninsula, where it campaigned five years, suffering, as usual, beyond all proportion. It was foremost at the storming of Ciudad Rodrigo and St. Sebastian; in the defiles of the Pyrenees; in the forcing of the passage of the Bidassoa and the Nile, and in the battles of Nivelle, Orthes and Toulouse. It escaped Waterloo only by coming to America, after the first abdication of Napoleon, and participating in the ill starred operations which terminated the war of 1812 in humiliation to the arms of England. Then it was sent to India, where it had a hard round of service under Combermere, Hardinge and Napier, suffering, as usual, excessively in the first Sikh war. It was no novice at the Cape either, for it had already borne the brunt of two Kaffir wars, and had done as much to establish British rule in that quarter as any other regiment that ever served there. In short, England has had only one great war in nearly 200 years in which the old Twenty-fourth has not borne a hand. That one was the Crimean war, which it escaped chiefly on account of the sympathy at the Horse Guards for its unlucky traditions, and, though it was on the roster for foreign service when the Crimean expedition was made up, another regiment was detailed to take its place, and it was sent to one of the colonies. Finally, after nearly 200 years of slaughter in nearly every clime, and in battles against every enemy of England, civilized or barbarous, the Twenty fourth has been annihilated by savages in South Africa.

Madame Heiberg is the widow of the eminent author whose name she bears. Before becoming acquainted with her future husband, she was engaged to a man quite unfitted for her, who, amongst other gifts, possessed a rare amount of avarice. One day in early spring, the lady and her ungenerous swain were driving, in a hired coach, along an avenue in the park, near Copenhagen. The gentleman, in a fit of unusual ill humor, drove on and on without a word. The actress, out of patience, broke the silence at last. Opening both doors of the coach, she said: "Monsieur, the best plan is to put an end to this. Do you get out at your door; I mean to get out at mine. Adieu for ever!" Upset at first by this sudden rupture, which he did not in the least expect, he reflected an instant, and then seemed to agree to the proposition. "But which of us," he asked, "is to pay the fare?"

The remarks of little brothers are often embarrassing to grown sisters. A certain young lady was entertaining a male admirer, when her nine-year old brother entered the parlor, and annoyed the visitor by cracking nuts with his teeth. "Johnny, you should not use your teeth in that way," said the young man. "You cannot be too careful of your second set, for you will never get any others." "Oh, won't I, though?" answered the hopeful and candid boy. "Look at Amanda, there; why, she's had four sets already!" Amanda became so confused that she almost swallowed her false teeth.

Prejudice is opinion without judgment.

DEAD HOPES.

BY EMMA SIBER.

Like faded leaves my dead hopes lie,
Withered and strown,
And with the birds thy dreams of bliss
Far off have flown—
Flown far away, yet I seem to hear
Their wings, as if still they hovered near,
With music soft and low, to cheer
My lonely way.

In the sweet spring like budding leaves
Fragrant and green,
My hopes sprang forth, and bathed my life
In golden sheen;
But now 'tis Autumn, and they lie
Withered and dead 'neath the smiling sky;
And sometimes comes the wish that I
Were dead as they.

Friends strive to cheer, and say that Spring
Will come again;
Alas! a hundred Springs for me
Would be in vain!
My love will ne'er come with the flow'rs,
Nor peace return with cooling show'rs,
Nor birds recall the golden hours
Past and gone.

Caught in his Own Trap.

BY C M.

LENNOX RAY sprang from the train just as the June sunshine was dropping down the west in a flood of golden glory, and the air was fragrant with the perfume of new mown hay, and dewy with approaching twilight.

"Well, this is rather purer than city air!" sighed Lennox, drawing a deep breath of delight, as he hastened up the green lane to the wide, old fashioned farm house, carrying his valise in his hand. "I wonder if Nannie got my note and is looking for me? Hallo!"

This last exclamation was drawn from Mr. Ray's lips by a big, ripe cherry, which, descending from above somewhere, came into sudden contact with his nose. He looked up, and there perched like a great bird upon the bough of a huge cherry tree, and looking down at him with dancing eyes and brilliant cheeks, was a young girl, pretty and wilful enough to set a man crazy.

"How do, Lennox? Come up and have some cherries!" was her mischevious greeting, with saucy dimples playing about her crimson lips.

"Nannie! Is it possible?" exclaimed Lennox, sternly.

"What! that the cherries are ripe? Yes, and splendid, too. Have some?" returned the nymph, coolly, holding out a great ruby cluster.

"Nannie, will you come down from there?" said Mr. Ray, not seeming to notice the cherries.

"Yes, to be sure, now you've come, and I have had all the cherries I wanted."

And while Mr. Ray looked on in stern disapproval, the young witch swung herself lightly down from her perch, and lit on the grass at his feet.

"Now don't look so serious, Lennox, dear!" she said, slipping her little hands into his with a coaxing motion. "I know its tom boyish to climb the cherry tree, but then it's such fun."

"Nannie, you should have been a boy," said Lennox.

"I wish I had! Then I wouldn't have everybody scolding me if I happened to move. No, I don't, either, for then you wouldn't have fallen in love with me. What made you, any way, dear?" with a fond glance and a caressing movement.

"Because you are a sweet darling!" answered Mr. Ray, melted, in spite of himself. "But I do wish, Nannie, you would leave off these hoydenish ways and be more dignified."

"Like Miss Isham?" asked Nannie.

"Miss Isham is a very superior woman, and it would not hurt you to copy her in some respects," said Lennox, coldly.

They went into the parlor, and Mr. Ray took a seat in a great arm chair, while Nannie flung open the window and dropped down on her knees beside it, letting her glossy curls fall in a great shower on the window sill.

"Now don't do that!" exclaimed Mr Ray, drawing a chair near his own. "Come here, and sit down like a rational being."

Nannie gave a rueful glance at the stiff backed chair, but giving her curls a toss backward, obediently went and sat down.

"I wish you would put up those flyaway curls and dress your hair as other young ladies do," said Mr. Ray. "And see here, Nannie, I want to have a talk with you. You know I love you; but in truth, my wife must have something of the elegance of refined society. Your manners need polish, my dear."

Nannie reddened, and her scarlet lip curled a little; but she said nothing.

"A few weeks in fashionable circles will be a great benefit to you, and I wish you to have the opportunity. In short, dear, I came down to tell you that my sister Laura is making up a party to visit some noted watering place this summer, and she wishes you to be one of the number. And I wish you to accept the invitation, Nannie."

"Are you going?" asked Nannie.

"No; my practice will not allow it. But I shall see you several times. You will go?"

"Oh, Lennox, don't make me!" sobbed Nannie, hiding her face on his shoulder, as a vision of his stylish and haughty sister rose before her. "I don't want to be polished! I'd rather stay here in the country, and not wear any bonnet, and climb cherry trees every day."

"Nannie! I am surprised at this display of childishness! I must insist upon more self control," said he coldly.

"But don't send me away! Don't, Lennox!" she pleaded.

"I must!" he returned, but more gently, softened a little by her agitated eagerness. "It is for your good, Nannie, and you must consent to go. Will you?"

The supper bell rang at that instant, and, anxious to escape before the rest of the family came in and saw her tears, Nannie hastily answered, "Yes; let me go, Lennox!" and ran out of the room, and up stairs to her own chamber.

They were at supper before she came down again, with smooth curls and no traces of tears, but with a bright light in her brown eyes, and a firm look on her pretty face; and as she went through the hall out to the vine-shaded porch where the tea-table was set, she murmured, "Yes, I'll go! And I'll teach you one lesson, Mr. Lennox Ray. See if I don't."

It was Lennox Ray's intention to join his sister's party in July, but his law business prevented him. When Nannie received the letter expressing his regrets, she only smiled and said to herself, "All the better! I shall have time to learn my lesson more thoroughly by September, Mr. Lennox!"

It was nearly the middle of September before Mr. Ray, heated, dusty and weary, entered his room in the hotel where his sister's party was stopping.

"Dear little Nannie!" he said, as he made a careful toilet before going down stairs. "I'm dying to see her, and I know she'll be glad to see me. A moment of her sweet naturalness will be quite refreshing after all these artificial women. They don't know I've come, so I'll just go down and surprise them."

As he entered the apartment, amid a flash of jewels and rustle of silks and laces, he met his sister Laura.

"Lennox! you here?" she said, giving him two white hands.

"Yes. Where's Nannie?"

"She was on the terrace, talking with a French count, a moment ago. Ah, there she is, by the door."

"Ah!" said Lennox, dropping Laura's hand, and making his way towards the door.

But it was difficult, even when he drew near, to see in the stylish, stately lady, whose hair was put over a monstrous chignon, and whose lustrous robes swept the floor for a yard, his own little Nannie of three months ago.

Lennox strode up with scarce a glance at the bewhiskered dandy to whom she was chatting, and held out his hand with an eager exclamation:

"Nannie!"

She made a sweeping curtsey, and languidly extended the tips of her fingers; but not a muscle moved beyond what accorded with well bred indifference.

"Ah! good evening, Mr. Ray."

"Oh, Nannie! are you glad to see me?" said Lennox, feeling his heart chilled within him.

"Oh, to be sure, Mr. Ray—quite glad. Allow me to present Count de Beaurepaire. Mr. Ray, monsieur."

Lennox hardly deigned a bow to the Frenchman, and offered his arm to Nannie.

"You will walk with me a little while?"

"Thanks; but the music is beginning, and I promised to dance with Mr. Blair."

"But afterwards?" said Lennox, the chill growing colder.

"Thanks again; but I am engaged to Captain Thornton."

"When, then?" demanded Lennox, with a jealous pang.

"Ah, really, my card is so full I hardly know. I will try to spare you a waltz somewhere,"—with an indifferent glance.

Lennox bent down, and spoke, with bitter reproach in his tone, 'Good heavens, Nannie! What affectation is this?'

She favored him with a well bred stare.

"Pardon! I do not understand you."

And taking the arm of her escort, she walked away with the air of an empress.

Lennox sought his sister.

"Laura, how have you changed Nannie so?" he demanded.

"Yes, she is changed—greatly improved. Isn't she perfect?"

"Perfect? Rather too perfect to suit me!" growled Lennox, turning on his heel with a realising sense that he was caught in his own trap.

"To-morrow I shall see more of Nannie," he thought.

But to morrow, and to morrow, and to-morrow it was always the same.

"Nannie," said he, one morning when he found her a moment alone, "how long is this to last?"

"How long is what to last?" asked Nannie, innocently.

"How long are you going to remain the conventional creature you are?"

"I believe you wished me to come here to improve my manners, Mr. Ray; to acquire the elegance of society," she said, coldly.

"But, Nannie——"

"Your sister thinks I have been an apt pupil."

"Yes, too apt, by heavens!" cried Lennox.

"Well, if you ain't pleased with the result of your own advice, I am not to blame. You must excuse me now, Mr. Ray; I am going to ride with the Count de Beaurepaire."

That afternoon, as Laura and Nannie were about dressing for the evening, Lennox walked, unannounced, into Laura's little parlor, where they sat alone.

"I thought I'd drop in and say good bye before you went down stairs," said he. "I leave for the city to night.

Laura elevated her eyebrows a little.

"Sudden, isn't it? But since you are going, I will give you some commissions."

"You needn't? I shall only stay in town a day."

"Indeed! Where are you going?"

"Oh, I don't know!" was his savage reply.

Laura gave him a look of cool surprise.

"At least you will take a note to George for me?"

"Yes if you get it ready," said he, ungraciously.

"Very well; I will write it now."

Laura went to her own room, and Lennox stood moodily at a window. Presently Nannie, who had not spoken one word, came and stood near him.

"Are you really going away?" she asked.

"Yes, I am," was the short answer.

"And won't you tell us where?"

"I don't know myself—neither know nor care!" he growled.

She slipped her hand in his arm, with the old caressing movement he remembered so well, and spoke gently, using his name for the first time since he came.

"But, Lennox, dear, if you go away off somewhere, what shall I do?"

He turned suddenly, and caught her to his heart.

"Oh, Nannie, Nannie!" he cried passionately, "if you would only come back to me, and love me—if I could recover my lost treasure, I would not go anywhere. Oh, my lost love, is it too late?"

She laid her face down against his shoulder, and asked, "Lennox, dear, tell me which you love best, the Nannie you used to know, or the fashionable young lady you found here?"

"Oh, Nannie, darling!" he cried, clasping her closer, "I wouldn't give one precious toss of your old brown curls for all the fashionable young ladies in the world. I wouldn't give one careless ring of your merry laugh for all the polished ladies in society. I wouldn't, my darling, I wouldn't."

Nannie laid her arms caressingly around his neck, and said, softly, "Then I think you will have to take your old Nannie back again, and pet her and love her as you used to do; for I am as sick and tired of the fashionable young lady as you can be, Lennox, dear."

And Lennox, passionately clasping her to him, begged to be forgiven, and vowed he would not exchange his precious little wild rose for all the hot-house flowers in Christendom.

"Laura!" Lennox called, tapping on Laura's door a little later.

"Well!" answered Laura.

"You needn't write your note. I sha'n't go to town to-night."

"Lennox, I never saw such a fellow to take fancies!" cried Laura. "Are you crazy?"

"No; I have been, but I am coming to my senses now," said Lennox.

* * * * *

Lennox and Nannie have been sedate married people several years; but I never heard that Lennox complained in the least of his wife's want of conventionality, or ever wished to pursue the acquaintance of the fashionable lady whom he met at the watering place.

HINTS CONCERNING WATER.—No water that has stood in open vessels during the night should be used for drinking or cooking. By exposure to the air it has lost its "aeration," and has absorbed many of the dust-germs floating in the apartment. If convenience requires water to be kept in vessels for several hours before use, it should be covered, unless the vessels are air tight. Wherever practical, all distributing reservoirs should be covered. Filtering always adds to the purity of water. Drinking water should not be taken from lakes or rivers on a low level. Surface-water, or water in lakes, pools, or rivers, which receive the surface-wash, should be avoided as much as possible. Do not drink much water at a time. More than two tumblerfuls should not be taken at a meal. Do not drink between meals unless to quench thirst, as excess of water weakens the gastric juice and overworks the kidneys. Excessive potations, whether of water or other fluid, relax the stomach, impair its secretions, and paralyse its movements. By drinking a little at a time all injury is avoided.

Death is the sleeping partner of life.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

THE SAVIOUR'S CROWN:—According to an old tradition the thorn crown of Christ was made from the thorn-brier, and the drops of blood that started from under it and fell to the ground blossomed to roses.

ZULU SIGNALS:—Zulu have a regular symbolic language of grass-fires, and by this means convey messages from one part of the country to the other. Private signals are also made among the natives, by tying grass into knots of different shape, which would pass unnoticed by the ordinary observer.

CHURCH CROSSES:—Crosses were first used in churches 431, and on church steeples about 568; but the Christians signed with the cross in 110, and it seems likely they adopted the sign to cover their dead even earlier than that. As far back as 260 crosses were considered a protection against witchcraft and other malignant influences.

THE SQUIRREL'S TAIL:—A very important function of the tail of the yat, cat, squirrel and many other animals consists in its preservation of their body heat at night and in winter, when they sleep. In cold weather, animals with bushy tails will be found lying curled up, with their tails carefully over their feet like a rug and with their noses buried in the fur of the tail, which is thus used in the same way and for the same purpose as we use respirators.

WHAT'S IN A NAME:—A French paper remarks on the uncertain honor of giving a man's name to a street. Mazas was a Colonel killed at Austerlitz, after having fought in twenty-six battles. To commemorate his bravery, his name was given to a Paris boulevard, on which subsequently a prison was built. Now nobody remembers Colonel Mazas, but there is a common saying, "A man fit for Mazas," which is equivalent to "One not worth the price of a rope."

DOCTORS IN ASIA:—In Beloochistan, when the physician gives a dose, he is expected to partake of a similar one himself, as a guarantee of his good faith; should the patient die under his hands, the relatives, though by no means to exercise it in all circumstances, have the right of putting him to death, unless a special agreement has been made freeing him from all responsibilities as to consequences; while he, should they decide on immolating him, has no reasonable ground for complaint, but is expected to submit to his fate like a man.

MUSIC AND POETS:—It is a curious fact that the Scotch poet Burns, who was to become one of the most exquisite of song-writers, was totally devoid of any musical gift. In learning church-music along with other rustic lads, he and his brother lagged far behind the rest. Robert's voice especially was untunable, and his ear so dull that it was with difficulty he could distinguish one tune from another. This want of musical faculty was also conspicuous in Keble, Heber, and Frederick Robertson, the two first of whom were poets, and the last of whom possessed in an extraordinary degree the power of appreciating poetry.

PROGRESS IN SPAIN.—Spanish farmers use precisely the same sort of ploughs as the Moors did when Isabella exiled them. Sowing and reaping machines are not known, and the grain is not threshed, but the oxen tread it out, as they did in the days of Moses. It is winnowed by women, who toss it into the air to scatter the chaff. In many parts of Spain wine is thrown away because there are no vats to keep it in, and but few purchasers. In Upper Arragon masons wet their mortar with wine instead of water, because there is a scarcity of the latter. The thousand and one conveniencies of domestic work used elsewhere are unknown in Spain.

"MADAME" AND "MAMSELLE."—French married lady will hardly drink wine in public without mixing it with water; but a French girl of good position will never do so on any pretence. If she did, it might seriously interfere with her chances of marriage. The foreign notion is that ladies should affect to dislike wine, and if by chance they take it pure at their own tables they feel almost bound to apologise to their guests, saying that they act "by doctor's orders;" in the case of a young lady, her parents put in an excuse for her, and the maiden herself feels compelled to sip her claret with pretty shivers, as if it were physic.

RUSSIAN BUSINESS-MEN.—Chroniclers are in doubt as to whether it is the Russian or the Chinese who is hardest to beat in business. The Russian is so incredulous of other men's honesty that he mostly keeps his own hidden like a precious coin, only to be exchanged for a full equivalent. He haggles a good deal over his bargains—not with screams, like a Greek, nor with disdainful shrugs like a Turk, but with fawning and persuasive banter. There is no such a thing as buying a pile of skins at sight and trust at fairs; every skin must be overhauled, and, if the slightest flaw be apparent, it must be exchanged for a better one. This system applied to other goods besides skins makes business a little slow, and explains the fact that not much money changes hands, though there is much fuming in the booths.

MOUNTAIN MUSINGS.

BY E. S. L.

No sound of peaceful Sabbath bell
  Is falling on my ear;
No call of villagers to church
  Is rising through the air;
I see no throng of worshippers
  Hastening with eager feet,
To pour their morning orisons
  Before the mercy seat.

I cannot gaze upon the scenes,
  And yet, full well I know
That many a church is gathering
  In the beauteous vale below:
I know that many a happy soul
  In pious worship there,
Bends low before Jehovah's throne
  At the "sweet hour of prayer."

And on this lofty mountain's brow,
  I fain would worship Thee;
Oh! listen to my heart's desires,
  Omniscient Deity!
Thy wondrous works! Thy brightest scenes,
  Are spread before me now;
Full many a lesson I may learn
  On this lofty mountain's brow.

No temple vocal with Thy praise,
  No Sabbath chimes are here,
But the sad choice of Nature pours
  One anthem loud and clear.
The winds which circle round yon cliff,
  These scenes on which I gaze,
E'en the dark spirit of the storm
  Makes music to Thy praise.

Fair sloping lawns, and verdant fields,
  And winding streams are seen,
Like the pure waters of Thy love
  And pastures ever green:
A glorious rainbow spans the heavens—
  Thy lasting pledge of love,
May that glad bow of promise fix
  Our hopes and joys above.

VERA;

—OR,—

A Guiltless Crime.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CECIL CARLISLE," ETC

CHAPTER XLIX.—(CONTINUED)

NO word, no exclamation now. The letter was crushed in a convulsive clasp; the man's face, his lips, were pale with the lurid pallor of death; he was paralyzed with the horror of the vision he saw—perfect in very detail, as it is said drowning men see the vision of their lives, the past illuming the present with the glare of lightning dazzling, scorching—Vera, as he first beheld her, amid lights and music and the perfume of flowers, by his side in the summer moonlight, under the shadowy woods, in such golden moments as make of earth a brief-lived glorious paradise; kneeling by him in the prison; clasped to his heart once more after the long months of dreary exile; and now, stand alone before a wondering crowd, hurling back on him the rash words her own bright jest had called forth—building up, with the hand he had clasped in such deathless love, a wall of eternal separation. Vera Calderon his brother's murderess, to him a traitress! Was this the awful secret that weighed her down with the burden of an intolerable anguish—this that had wrung from her strange wild words that had troubled and perplexed him, but had never made him doubt her? Did he doubt her now? Did he for one moment believe that letter? Did he, even in the first shock of this awful revelation, ask himself the question suggested by the possibility of a truth that must hurl down the deity he worshipped with a love so unblemished, a faith so pure? No! Time had proved false the words—"This dagger will never shed blood," but fulfilled those other words, uttered by the same lips, so mysteriously to be linked with them—"I have given my whole life of love into your keeping, and I cannot take it back; even your own hand would have no power to crush it."

The hour of trial had come, and Vivian Devereux's faith was not even staggered. Though blinded, dizzied, for a moment—only for a moment—though thought was paralyzed, though the very powers of life seemed suspended, his trust in Vera Calderon could not fall.

"Vera, Vera"—oh, the agony of that smothered cry!—"my life, my life—not on thy head this guilt! It were easier to believe my own hand had done the deed!"

Then the man's whole face and mien changed; and never had features so fitted to express the stronger passions of our nature been set in more inflexible resolve. He flung open the door and summoned Alphonse; and Alphonse came hurriedly, for his master's voice sounded strange. When he entered, he started, with almost a cry, for Vivian looked as a man might who is forced to look on, bound and helpless, while the being he best loves is slain before his eyes.

"I have time for but few words," he said—and how hoarse and altered was the music of that erewhile winning voice, "like sweet bells jangled out of time!" "Try to listen to me, Alphonse. This letter I hold in my hand is from Miss Calderon. She tells me—heed me—I am not raving; would to Heaven it were but an awful dream!—that it was her hand took my brother's life. She has given herself up—her name will be on every lip to-night."

The force of the terrible passion that made him pause, the fearful import of the words he spoke, held the man who heard him silent and motionless. Devereux went on—

"Dare not believe her guilty! Whether she is suffering for me, or for some other whose crime she knows of and must not betray, I know not now; but, as there is a Heaven above, I will know the truth. But the mask must be thrown off. Come what may now—death or a lifelong imprisonment—the world that has heard her brand her name for my sake shall know me for Vivian Devereux."

Then Alphonse sprang forward and flung himself at his master's feet.

"Monsieur, pause—think—hear me one second! It would not save her—they may not believe her. Oh, my master, my dear, dear master!"

Vivian turned and looked down at his faithful servant.

"Do you," he said, in a low deep tone, "who would lay down your life for me, plead with me to purchase pardon at the cost of honor? Hush! No more! Or I cannot even pardon words that your love for me can alone excuse."

He was gone; and Alphonse, struck to the heart, bewildered, in grief beyond all power of utterance, staggered to his feet, and sank down by the table with a deep heavy groan, burying his face in his hands. Vera Calderon Duke Devereux's murderess! Vivian prisoner once more, this time perhaps a verdict! It was more than he could bear. And Vivian's last words were of rebuke. Eight years, in prosperity and adversity, Alphonse had served the lord of Rougemont, and had never heard from him even a hasty word. Was not the reproach, spoken rather in pain than anger, a just one? Alphonse felt that it was, even if he could not quite fathom the refined chivalry of noble blood. Vivian Devereux could do no wrong in his servant's eyes.

CHAPTER L.

WHAT is the matter? What is all this crowd for?" Leaning out of a hansom cab, Lord Cascelles impatiently asked these questions of one among the throng that checked his onward progress. He was driving down Bow Street to Drury Lane Theatre to take tickets for the melodrama that was being played there; and a throng that seemed to have its gathering point at the police-court spread over the whole roadway, and was augmented every second by fresh arrivals. "What is the matter?" asked my lord, not best pleased at being detained by the *canaille*, watching, probably, to see some vulgar burglar or wife-beater enter or leave the Court.

"Don't quite know," responded the man addressed. "Some one said as now a lady was in there"—pointing ahead—"took up for a murder or something. There's a carriage a-waitin' outside."

"Ah, ah!" Lord Cascelles frowned and leaned back. Doubtless the "carriage" was a "cab," and the "lady" a heroine of the ballet, who had quarrelled with her manager.

But suddenly the bored half-contemptuous look changed to one of startled eager interest, and, with a muttered ejaculation, Lord Cascelles leaned forward again. Surely he knew the faultlessly-appointed brougham standing there? Was it——Conjecture had got no farther when the crowd surged back, there was a shouting and confusion, the brougham coachman—who had dismounted and was holding the horse's head—had some ado to hold him from rearing in the shafts; a hansom cab dashed round Russell Street at such a pace that, but for the man within it seizing the reins and pulling up the horse with an abruptness that nearly threw the animal on to its haunches, some in the now closely-packed crowd must have been run down. As it was, a cry of fear arose, which was echoed as those in apparently immediate peril fell back on the others. At the same moment the man sprang to the ground; and Lord Cascelles cried out loud in his amazement—

"By Heaven, it's Saint Leon!"

He himself followed the example of the Count, before whom the people yielded as if by instinct. And in truth he looked as though he would brook no hindrance, and was well able to force a passage if need were.

"No room inside, sir," said the policeman at the door, as Devereux reached it.

"There must be," was the answer. "I am Count Saint Leon, Sir Vivian Devereux's cousin and trustee. I must, by some means, enter this court."

"Ah, sir, that alters the case! Stay—Thompson, take this gentleman in by the magistrates' entrance."

A hand was laid on Devereux's arm, and he turned and looked into Cascelles' white wondering face.

"In Heaven's name," said the young nobleman, "what does this mean? What does Miss Calderon do here?"

"Follow me," was all Vivian could say; and Lord Cascelles followed in silence.

The policeman lost no time. In another minute the private door was opened and gave Chandos-Devereux and his companion admittance to the court.

A sea of faces, a murmur, a deep hum; the sense of a *frémissement* running like an electric shock through the crowd—countless eyes all turned, for a second, towards him—words whose import he could not grasp—a sudden sharp "Hush!"—a deathly pause—then a single voice, clear, measured, solemn. He could see her now—Vera Calderon—the leader and darling of society—the proud daughter of a knightly race—Vivian Devereux's betrothed wife—standing where murderers and felons and thieves stand, a self-condemned criminal for vulgar eyes to gaze upon, for coarse tongues to comment on, for coarse minds to judge and gloat over in her awful humiliation.

Pale with the grayish pallor of the dying was that face of pathetic beauty; and the dark eyes, so touching in their depth of anguish, yet sought no sympathy, held no hope; but they lighted the marble calm of the features with a strange and terrible light, as one may picture the light alone, of one from whom the spirit has fled, illuminated with life. The roughest—the least impressionable spirit there—must be hushed into awe at the sight of that woman's face today.

The policeman had concluded his formal statement of the charge taken. It was in the expectant silence that followed that Vivian Devereux and Lord Cascelles entered the court; and, for a moment, every eye was turned from Vera to the Count Saint Leon. Some asked who was it but the bulk of the crowd recognised the Count, and a tremor of excitement ran among them, and a hum, like the vibration of an organ swell. Then, for a moment, Vera's expression changed. The blood rushed to her brow—her lips trembled convulsively—her eyes, straining to meet Vivian's, dilated with a sharp pang of fear—her hands were clenched. She had expected this; she was prepared for it, or indeed self-control had been more difficult, lease quickly regained; but when she saw Vivian Devereux his presence seemed to come to her as death ever comes, even when looked for, with the full shock of an unexpected blow. Did she then recall how he had once stood, accused, but innocent, and she, among the crowd, had watched the loved face that no man could look on and link with the thought of bloodshed?

Now she was before him, a guilty thing. Would he believe her? Yet he would try to save her—he would give himself up.

"Hush-sh!" rang through the court. Vera started. Silence once more—fearful, crushing silence. The murmur of the crowd in the street without—the hungry crowd waiting and watching to see her come out—did not disturb this stillness, for it belonged to another world. The calm came back to her; she turned a little, so that, looking straight before her, she did not see Vivian Devereux. She did not mind the others; she knew there was a throng of people, and that they were all looking at her and noting every movement, and breathless to hear what she would say; but she was numbed, and did not feel shame to tell her story before them—at least, she thought she could brave it all, if Vivian were not there.

The magistrate, Sir Thomas Wilton, was speaking now. He was an old man with a grave benevolent face; and he looked at Vera and at the charge-sheet before him as though he doubted the evidence of his senses.

"Is this correct?" he said. "You, Vera Cecil Marie Calderon, are charged, on your own confession, with the manslaughter of Sir Marmaduke Chandos-Devereux, of Chandos Royal, Cornwall, his brother, Vivian Chandos-Devereux, having been accused of the crime, and committed by a coroner's jury?"

"It is correct."

Soft and measured, clear as a silver bell, fell the voice that had made many a heart beat faster.

"Do you then," said the magistrate, "desire to make a statement to that effect, and are you prepared to make such a statement on oath?"

"I do desire it. I am prepared."

The sacred Book was handed to her. Would she hesitate? She took it in her ungloved hands; she kissed, and swore—uttering the words slowly and distinctly—to speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Might Heaven forgive her the perjury, as Vivian Devereux forgave it!

She clasped her hands together before her, and the people held their breath to listen to her as she told her story, in her clear, sweetly-attuned voice, with its plaintive cadence, its cultured intonation, and accent of southern tongues.

"I wish first to state," she said, speaking without faltering, but resolutely keeping her face turned so that she could not see Vivian Devereux, "that I have no motive in making this confession of my guilt but the desire to relieve my conscience of a burden that I can no longer bear—a burden laid on me less by the crime for which Vivian Chandos Devereux suffered than by my treason to him—the wrong done his spotless name by my silence. For my sin was not a murder. I had not even the intent to take life in the moment that I struck the blow. Therefore my deepest offence was the concealment of a deed done under terrible excitement—concealment that brought disgrace on an innocent man!"

She paused; there was not a whisper, not a breath. Vivian stood motionless; his face was lueless; drops of agony were on his brow; his eyes seemed to burn and glow as with the fierce lurid fire of a volcano. Surely the deadliest hate that man could feel for man might be sated if it could know what Vivian suffered in this hour of unspeakable torture.

Vera lifted her hand to her brow, for she felt the look she could not, would not see, and turned herself yet more from him; but there was only a moment's silence before she spoke again, asking a question—

"It is necessary for me to detail afresh the collateral circumstances connected with Sir Marmaduke Devereux's death? They were all in evidence at the inquest. Still, if I must repeat them, I will not shrink from it."

"There is no need," said Sir Thomas quickly. "You were at the time betrothed to Mr. Devereux of Rougemont, and Sir Marmaduke Devereux, who had himself paid you some attention, rode over to Temple Rest with the intention of seeing you. That was on the——of July, 187—. So far, I believe, the evidence given at the inquest is undisturbed by what you are now about to state?"

Vera bowed her head.

"It is, Sir Thomas. Sir Marmaduke reached Temple Rest, and asked for me. The servant told him I was out. I had gone out a short time before, and entered the Quarry Wood. I was simply in an idle mood. I had no motive whatever in turning my steps in any particular direction. I had no thought at the time of Sir Marmaduke Devereux. I admit that I regarded him with deep and strong resentment; but it never occured to me even to wish his death."

Had such a thing been possible in a scene so terrible, the listeners might have smiled to hear that slender beautiful girl speak as though the thought of murder could find a place in her heart.

The magistrate interposed.

"Pardon me, Miss Calderon, but I must ask you if you had any special reason, other than a natural feeling of resentment at Sir Marmaduke's conduct to his brother and vexation at his attentions to yourself, for the feeling you describe?"

"I had; but I cannot enter into details without involving an innocent person. I had just ground for resentment and indignation that Sir Marmaduke should come to me as a suitor. I cannot say more than this."

"That will do," said Sir Thomas. "I need not press the point."

Without could be heard the sound of a great multitude. The crowd was increasing every moment. Vera seemed unmoved by this; but her voice trembled a little as she resumed her miserable tale, and her fingers closed tightly over the rail before her.

"I had nearly reached the centre of the Quarry Wood—a very lonely and quiet spot—when I heard some one approaching; and, almost as I turned round, I saw Sir Marmaduke. He was walking fast, and was evidently, from his face and mien, in a violent passion. He came straight to me, and burst at once into a torrent of invective against me and against his brother. He said he had sworn to see me, and would see me; and I should hear him, whether I would or no. His language and manner roused me to fierce anger and scorn. I answered him with taunts, exciting him to blind fury. Suddenly, as I tried to pass him, he seized me by the waist; and, as he did so, a dagger fell from him to the ground—the dagger his brother had worn at the costume ball at Chandos Royal."

A shiver—a sort of gasp—ran, like a breeze among forest branches, through the throng. Vera put up her hand again with a hurried, trembling movement, and now her manner changed a little. She was plainly struggling for self-control.

"Let me be just to the dead," she said. "His act I know, was only the result of ungovernable anger; whatever his sins, he was still Chandos-Devereux. I do not believe now—I did not believe then—I will not, to make the deed I did seem less guilty, assert that I, even in that moment, had cause to fear him. As to the dagger, he did not see that it had fallen; how he had obtained it and why he had it I cannot tell—it was certainly with no intent to so much as threaten me. I struck the blow that killed him in one wild impulse of passion that swept away all self-command. I dared him to detain me; he only tightened his grasp—he was holding my left hand. I stooped suddenly, seized the dagger, and struck him one quick, strong blow!"

A deep murmur—almost a groan—rose up—not in condemnation, but in horror, pity, ay, sympathy, not for the dead man, but the living woman—the beautiful hapless creature who stood up boldly before them all to tell this fearful story; and, as if by common instinct, every eye turned to the Count Saint Leon. But he saw, felt, heard, knew nothing but that Vera, his love, was tarnishing her spotless honor—and for whom? Her head had drooped a little. She lifted herself erect again, and faced the magistrate once more.

"I did not mean to kill him—as Heaven is my witness, I did not mean to kill him!

I must have been mad—I knew not what I did. I had no thought—I was dizzy, bewildered, in my terrible passion. If I could have flung the dagger from me, as I did in my horror, when Duke Devereux fell at my feet. I knelt over him—he still breathed. I know not what I said; he did not hear me, but he murmured quite distinctly, 'None, none—oh, Vivian, Heaven knoweth it—none!' and then he drew his last breath."

For a moment Vivian's brains reeled; his hand closed like a vice on Cascelles' arm; those words sounded in his ears like the roar of many waters—seemed to dance before his eyes in letters of blood—the words his own lips had spoken to his brother, that had never passed them again to living being. In the last moment—the dread pause between time and eternity—the thoughts of the dying man had gone back to that unhappy interview, and knew then—too late—that sorrowful, bitter reproach was just. But, merciful Heaven, were Vivian's own words to prove his faith deceived, his love betrayed—for this was, could be, no perjury? Yet still he did not doubt Vera. She knew whose hand had given Duke Devereux his death-blow, but Vivian felt convinced it was not her own.

The magistrate was too deeply moved to be able to speak for a few moments; when he did, his voice faltered.

"Do you know," he asked, "to what Sir Marmaduke alluded when he spoke? Can you form any idea?"

"I do not know. It seemed to me that he was recalling words not his own."

Sir Thomas merely bowed. The girl went on—

"There is little more now to say. When I recovered from the first shock of the deed I had done, I thought of the dagger—of the evil that might come to Vivian Devereux if it were found. I turned to seek it, when I heard the bay of his bloodhound, and in a moment I heard the animal rushing through the wood. Then I fled. That is all. Vivian Devereux was arrested and committed, and I kept silence. That, I repeat, was my greatest sin. I have nothing more to say. I have no witnesses—only my bare word. I alone am guilty."

Now, as she ceased, the crimson flushed to her clorless face; now she seemed to feel the scorching fire of countless eyes—looking on her, the traitress who had allowed an innocent man, and her lover, to suffer for her sin—to die in shameful exile, while she reigned a queen of society—and for more than two years kept silence, only speaking when too late to give back to the man she had so wronged his last honor. Yet so potent is the influence of personal beauty, linked to youth, position, and misfortune, that the vast majority of those present forgot the base treason, and had only pity for the traitor. Tears dimmed the eyes she thought gazed on her in contempt; many an audible sob came from men little used to weep. But Lord Cascelles came of a noble race; this would be to him the fall of a deity from its sphere. Vera Calderon betray the man to whom she had plighted her troth! No, no, it could not be! The words broke from him—he hardly knew what he said, as he covered his face with a burst of suppressed anguish—

"It cannot—cannot be true! Saint Leon, you know her so little, yet you cannot believe it—tell me you do not."

Well might the answer startle him—

"It is false—she is a victim, not a sinner! But she shall not suffer."

Cascelles looked up into the dark passionate face, and a strange thrill shot through him. Did this man love Vera Calderon?"

Hush! The magistrate was speaking again. How awful sounded those formal words of routine, committing Vera Cecil Marie Calderon for trial for the manslaughter of Marmaduke Geoffrey Devereux, at Pengarth, on July—, 187—!

Sir Thomas added that he would accept the prisoner's own recognisances to appear to take her trial, and one surety in two thousand pounds. He looked towards Count Saint Leon. Lord Cascelles had almost spoken, but paused; it was Saint Leon's privilege to come forward. Could he hesitate? Vera stood motionless—her breath came in heavy throbs now; she felt dizzy. She only knew they were all waiting for Raiael Saint Leon to come forward. She heard a deep groan—then a heavy sigh. Did he bear such resentment for the wrong done his cousin? Shame on him—shame!

Then Lord Cascelles advanced and, in a clear firm voice, proffered bail in the amount named—in six times the sum, he said, if needed. He met one look from Vera's clear sad eyes—a look of gratitude that no words could have expressed—gratitude that he had not shrunk from her, but stood by her in her dark hour.

"Silence!" said the magistrate sternly, as irrepressible applause arose from the excited throng. And, when he was obeyed, he turned to his prisoner. "Miss Calderon," he said gently, "you are now at liberty to leave this Court."

She bowed, her lips moved, but there were no words. She could not speak. The people looked at Saint Leon again. The prisoner had come alone. Would he not even escort her to her carriage? Again Lord Cascelles paused, and glanced in utter wonderment at the noble face that, despite all self-control, had shown such agony on her behalf, and showed it still. Could he desert her when, because of her humiliation, the first instinct of honor should be to shield and protect her?

Saint Leon bent down.

"Cascelles," he said hoarsely, "take my place—I am not free."

"Not free? For Heaven's sake, Saint Leon—for your own sake—for her——"

"For her sake, I take her place."

He dropped the hand he had laid on the young nobleman's arm, and, turning away, pressed forward, the crowd edging back to give him passage, till he was close at Vera's side. She turned towards him, and with one wild appealing look, one terrible effort, tried to speak, but the parched lips could form no sound. He gave no heed to her; but addressed the magistrate.

"May I," he said in a clear, calm tone, "say a few words?"

"Certainly, M. de Saint Leon."

"It should have been my part," said the Count, acknowledging by a slight and graceful bow the reply of the magistrate, "stand surety for Miss Calderon; but, as she has accused herself of the crime for which I have been committed, I feel bound to throw off all disguise."

The magistrate rose in his place.

"M. de Saint Leon, there is some strange mistake! You committed! Disguise!" He paused in blank amazement, gazing at the proud steadfast face before him. "What am I to understand? You are not——Who, then, are you?"

And all heard the answer—

"Vivian Rohan Chandos-Devereux."

CHAPTER LI.

THE murder of Sir Marmaduke Devereux! Astounding disclosures at Bow Street! Confession of Miss Vera Calderon! Extraordinary declaration of identity by the Count Saint Leon! Arrest of Sir Vivian Devereux! This day!"

So the news-hawkers cried all through the wintry evening—under the flaring gaslights, in the dark streets and squares; and down in the gloomy cellars where the news from the north, south, east, and west whirls off the swift revolving machine; the wheels whirred and hummed, and, as fast as hundreds of broad-sheets were flung off, eager newsboys hurried away with them, others taking their places, clamoring for fresh supplies. The weary pressmen grumbled that they should have to work overtime, and in such a "drive," too, as they never remembered, all because of "this wonderful affair" at Bow Street; but the editors, while they metaphorically used the whip and excitedly discussed the matter with "subs" and any one who came in between whiles, declared that the sale of the paper was unprecedented.

"Can't get them off the machine fast enough!" cries he of the *Evening Standard*. "Smith sent just now for five thousand copies. I say, Wilson, do you believe Miss Calderon guilty? I'd have given ten years of my life to have been in court. Hallo, Robbins!"

In rushes a reporter, breathless.

"Too late for this edition? Must go in the next then. Regular scene at the Clubs, especially the Carlton—Devereux's club. Heard from the House yet?"

"No. Ah, here's news!" Boy runs in with bit of "flimsy."

"More to follow!" he says, and vanishes again.

"Declaration of identity by Sir Vivian Devereux at Bow Street Police-court! Scene in the House of Commons!"

And a messenger hastens to the composing-room. The telegraph agencies are sending telegrams to every town in the kingdom; and the public, from the Queen at Windsor to the street-hawker, are once more discussing the Devereux murder and the guilt or innocence of Vivian Devereux and Vera Calderon.

* * * * *

Vivian Devereux sat in his prison in Newgate, shut off from all sounds of the outer world—a prisoner once more, till twelve good men and true should give their verdict, and decide whether Vera Calderon's story was true or false. And Vera Calderon, scarcely less a prisoner in her own splendid mansion, would see no one; but, as she paced to and fro, with ceaseless steps that never grew weary through all the long hours of that terrible night, she heard the monotonous cry in the streets, now far, now near, "Astounding declaration at Bow Street—arrest of Sir Vivian Devereux—excitement at the Clubs—scene in the House of Commons!"—and so on through the programme, over and over again.

She had every edition of the evening papers brought to her. She read it all—her own confession—Vivian's statement—how they received the news in Pall Mall and at Westminster. Ah, they were glad to know he lived! Some had said that he was innocent, and others that, being guilty, he had given himself up when another laid the crime on her own soul—else why throw off a disguise which no one had suspected? But, again, others said, if Vera Calderon were not guilty, why should she speak, when all the world believed Sir Vivian Devereux dead, and by silence she could preserve at once his disguise and immunity for herself? Why doom herself to punishment, and the odium of a silence that had done such bitter wrong, if not moved—as she had declared—by intolerable remorse, if not spurred to resolve by the knowledge that restitution was possible—that not only Vivian Devereux's name could be cleared, but Vivian himself restored to his rights, to his lost place in the arena of the world that had condemned him? Could she, too, have borne herself so unflinchingly—made her confession so firmly—in Vivian Devereux's presence, if she were not speaking the truth? Her disclosure would be reason enough for Chandos-Devereux to repudiate the shelter of a false identity. A man less chivalrous than the knightly Devereux would willingly—though conscious of innocence—try to shield the woman he loved, however guilty, by—if possible—diverting the world's and the law's verdict from her to himself. But, if a jury declined to believe Vera Calderon's confession, that would not necessarily prove Chandos-Devereux guilty; he would yet have to stand a trial.

Meanwhile, one writer said, it must be remembered that further evidence might be adduced at Miss Calderon's trial. An important issue would be raised with regard to the words uttered by Sir Marmaduke Devereux; for, assuming that there was ground for throwing doubt on the prisoner's statements, it would tell for or against her veracity according as proof was or was not adduced concerning any previous knowledge she might have had as to what was passing in the mind of the dying man. Perhaps Sir Vivian Devereux could throw light on this matter. He would without doubt be subpœnaed at the trial. But, added this commentator, if Miss Calderon should be condemned, no jury could nor would pass a severe sentence for an offence the evidence of which rested entirely on the prisoner's unsupported confession, and was, in itself, simple manslaughter. Moreover, it was absurd to deny that the youth, beauty, high position, and suffering of the accused would tell overwhelmingly in her favor, and procure for her a very mild sentence, even if her offence had merited more severe punishment.

"In truth," it was added, "if this most unhappy lady is guilty of the death of Sir Marmaduke Devereux, and the subsequent concealment of the deed, by which she so wronged an innocent man—her betrothed husband—her punishment has already been so great that no language could describe it; the disgrace and shame of public confession makes mere imprisonment almost a welcome refuge. To place a woman of such high social status and culture among the common class of offenders would not be stern justice, but cruel injustice, for what the common criminal does not feel would be to her unutterable torture."

So commented the papers on the extraordinary circumstances that had produced such unparalleled excitement. On the whole, the leaning of the writers was to regard the confession as true; but there were those who hinted the contrary. Might not Miss Calderon have had a private knowledge that Sir Vivian's disguise had been discovered? Had not women before sacrificed themselves for those they loved? Of course, if this were so, Sir Vivian ought to confess the crime—if guilty of it. But was he guilty? One writer in an extreme Radical paper even hinted at collusion; if Devereux were sentenced for the crime, a long term of imprisonment was the least he had to expect; but Miss Calderon need suffer only for a short time. Her assertion that Sir Marmaduke had the dagger must be sifted. How came he by it, and for what purpose? It would be strange if a jury condemned this lady on her own confession while such strong evidence existed against the murdered man's brother.

But what said the world that best knew them both? She must know that. She wrote to Lord Cascelles, and asked him to inform her daily what was said in society. He accepted the charge as a trust, and gave her faithfully the information she sought. At the clubs and in the political circles, indeed throughout society, the opinion that Vivian Devereux had shed his brother's blood had never been generally received. They were ready to welcome him with open arms. If he had been guilty, Chandos-Devereux would have owned it now, if never before. He was incapable of the baseness of taking shelter under another's assumed guilt; and his declarations of his real identity proved this, if it had needed demonstrative proof. As to Vera, the belief that she was really innocent was, among men, doubtless biased by her youth, beauty, and fascination.

Among women who were jealous of her—and their name was Legion—it was said that she could have no motive for such a disclosure if it were untrue, and would not have been able to carry out her resolution to sacrifice herself with such self-possession. These professed to have found in Vera's face an expression that had always perplexed them, for it could not be traced simply to the known cause she had for suffering and dread. Now they saw its real meaning—the pressure on her mind of the sin which, at last, in Vivian Devereux's constant presence, grew unbearable. For himself Lord Cascelles wrote—

"You ask me not to believe you bitter than you declare yourself. How can I think you guilty? The first offence was possible, but the second—no! You know my feelings towards you; I need not hide them, for they do no wrong to Vivian Devereux. When I though him dead, I was never blind to the truth that his memory would ever stand between you and the thought of another love. So you were to me set apart from all but such devotion as I offered. You understood me, that was enough. It was and is my greatest happiness to be counted worthy of your friendship, to have been able to stand by you, when the man who should have taken that place was himself, like you, and for yourself a prisoner. But I cannot believe you guilty of treason to him. I know something at least of what your love must be. I know something at least of him. You must have spoken when he was first accused. He believes you innocent who knows you so well. Can I do less.

She pressed the letter to her heart, and bowed her head with bitter weeping.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WHAT WILL HE BECOME?—The question is often asked by parents in regard to their sons, and by the friends of many young men; and, although there is no definite rule for ascertaining, we may get some idea of what a young man will become by observing his actions and works. Solomon said, many centuries ago, that "even a child may be known by his work, whether it be good or evil." Therefore, when you see a boy go to school indifferent about learning, and glad of every opportunity to neglect his lessons, you may take it for granted that he is a blockhead. When you see a boy anxious to spend money, and spend every penny as soon as he gets it, you may know that he will be a spendthrift. When you see a boy hoarding up his pennies, and unwilling to part with them for any good purpose, you may set it down that he will be a miser. When a boy is disrespectful to his parents, disobedient to his teacher, and unkind to his friends and playmates, it is a sign that he will never be of much account. When you see a boy looking out for himself, and unwilling to share good things with others, it is a sign that he will grow up a selfish man.

M. S.

THE EARTH.—It was Sir Isaac Newton who, with his wonderful sagacity, assigned to the earth the figure of an oblate spheroid, with its equatorial diameter larger by thirty-four miles than its polar; and he attributed the cause of this figure to the diurnal motion of our globe. He conjectured that a globe of fluid material revolving so swiftly as our earth round its axis every twenty-four hours, must have its equatorial parts bulged or thrown out; and that it would forever preserve that balanced figure on account of the two contending forces of the centrifugal and centripetal powers. Subsequent admeasurements on the surface of the globe have confirmed what was merely a hypothetical conjecture on the part of that vast minded philosopher.

CHOKING.—All that we eat or drink passes over the top of the windpipe without a particle ever entering it, although the opening is larger than a dime, because the very act of swallowing draws over the open top of it a fleshy trap-door, which fits so closely that not even a particle of air can pass; but at the instant of swallowing, it opens up with a spring, and we go on breathing as if nothing had happened. But if we attempt to swallow anything too large, this trap door, being at the narrowest part of the passage, is kept closed, not a particle of air can enter the lungs, and we die in a moment of suffocation, as in drowning or smothering.

HOW LONG TO STARVE.—A man will die for want of air in five minutes; for want of sleep, in ten days; for want of water, in a week; for want of food at varying intervals, depending on constitution, habits of life, and the circumstances of the occasion. Instances have been given where persons have been said to live many weeks without eating a particle of food; but when opportunities have been offered for a fair investigation of the case, it has been invariably found that a weak and wicked fraud has been at the bottom of it.

A young schoolmistress who peeped, has lost her certificate, and the Supreme Court of Iowa will give her no redress. She had applied for a certificate, and, during the examination, was caught glancing over the shoulder of another applicant and getting answers to questions propounded in arithmetic. The Superintendent refused to issue the certificate, and the young lady brought suit in the Circuit Court to compel him to do so. She carried her point in the lower Court, but the decision has been reversed in the Supreme Court.

Japanese women, it is said, never sew and don't know the use of pins. So we suppose a young man in Japan can go up Sunday night to see his sweetheart without being surprised in a yell as big as the side of a house, before he gets his unprotected arm half way around her belt.

WERE I AS PURE.

BY F. T. S.

Were I as pure as thou art sweet,
Then were my love in thee complete;
Were I as true as thou art fair,
Then could I kiss thy fragrant hair.

Were I as steadfast as thine eyes,
Then might we taste love's paradise;
Were I as constant as thy worth,
Then heaven would bend to touch the earth.

Were I as tender as thy prayers,
Then would I win thee unawares;
Were I as holy as thy tears,
Then wert thou mine through all the years.

But oh! the sin, the grief, the care!
To wed thee, sweet, I may not dare.
I would not break thy trusting heart:
So, though I die, our lives must part.

My Wife Alice.

BY. B. B.

I DO not know how the coldness sprang up between Alice and myself. I know that in many instances I was to blame for harsh words that were spoken. Perhaps she might have been in fault, too, as often as myself. I only know that after a year or two of our married life had gone by, something sprang up between us that was like a hand thrusting us apart farther and farther every day. It was like a stream that at first a straw might divert and turn from its course, but, unobstructed, it grows larger and larger every day, and we who stood upon either side of it felt that we were getting farther and farther from each other as we went down its banks.

Heaven knows I loved Alice so well when I married her that I never dreamed that anything could come between us. I fancied life was to be all sunshine. I forgot the shadows.

I think I was too sure of happiness. I took too much for granted. I was careless of my own heart, and let things climb up from the bitterness that sometimes rankled in my heart, and slip over my tongue before I stopped to think what pain they might give to Alice, or what bitterness they might fan to a flame in her heart. I do not like to think of it now. I only know that it was so, and pray heaven it may never be so again.

By-and-by Baby came to us. A wee, beautiful thing, with Alice's yellow hair and my blue eyes. A happy, blithe child that ought to have been like sunshine, and driven every shadow away from our hearthstone.

That Baby brought sunshine with her was true; but it was not sufficient to warm our hearts enough to melt the ice out of them. Everything in them seemed cold—so cold! Oh, but it was a dreamy, dreary life!

Baby was the one bright feature about it. We both loved her as two hearts hungry for love must love something or starve. It is strange that our mutual love for our child did not draw us closer together; that it did not bridge the stream and make our paths one; but it did not.

Baby grew like a flower, and it was when she was two years old that the shadow fell upon her—the shadow of death—the most desolating, blighting shadow, I though then, when she lay robed in white, that there was in all the whole wide world.

But I do not think so now. Looking back to those long days of estrangement before Baby came and went away, I know that their shadow was worse than the shadow of death could be.

It was a summer day when Baby sickened. She had been playing about the room all the forenoon, happy as a child could be. In the afternoon she came to me and complained of being tired. I took her in my arms and sang to her. By and by she sank into a troubled sleep, from which she would often start and moan and cry out in a quick, pained way. Her little face was flushed to a bright color, and her breath quick and short.

I was frightened, and put her in Alice's arms, feeling that a mother's love is quicker and better than a father's in time of danger.

It was a short, swift story, and the end came soon.

It was afternoon when Baby died. I shall never forget it. The sunshine fell across the wide green meadows, and made them seem full of shimmering tints that changed whenever the wind blew over them from emerald to gold. The scent of clover came up from the valley where it was in a full splendor of scarlet bloom. The blue sky was full of soft, fleece-white clouds, that drifted hither and thither like flecks of foam on a blue sea. The robins sang in the cherry trees, where the scarlet fruit was ripening in the warmth of the July sun. The lilies and pansies were all a-blow in the garden; and I remember how the scent of mignonette came up to me as I stood at the wide-open window, and looked out through eyes that were full of tears upon the scene below, and far away to the low, hazy hills that stood out in purple tints against the soft blue sky. Whenever I smell the mignonette, I can shut my eyes and live over that sad afternoon when our baby died. It will all come back to me.

Alice's mother was with us. She held Baby on her lap. Alice sat at her feet, watching the child's white face. I wandered up and down, and here and there, in a fever of unrest.

"She is dying," Alice's mother said, and I came and stood beside her.

A spasm passed over the poor, little pale features, and the blue eyes opened once, the little hands fluttered like lily-leaves in a wind, and then Baby was still. Very, very still.

She never stirred again. Alice covered her face with both her hands, and was silent in a tearless kind of sorrow. I went to the window and stood looking out, while the robin carolled as gaily in the branches as if there was no such thing as death in all the world.

Alice's mother robed the child for the slumber that had come to it, with her own tender hands. They put a few white blossoms on the little breast, and then we left her and went out to face our sorrow.

What lonesome hours those were when Baby lay dead in the house where she had been the one ray of sunshine that had shone into two shadowy lives. Such long, slow hours!

And then, after Baby was buried, came the lonesome silence of a home from which some one has just been carried out for ever.

The evening settled down about us full of holy silence, and the moonlight was like the benediction of Providence.

I sat down to the piano, and struck some plaintive minor chords. Unconsciously I wandered into that sad, sweet melody to which some one has set Longfellow's exquisite poem of "Resignation"—

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But some dead lamb is there!"

And then my eyes grew dim and blurred, and I could not see the keys, when I thought of the dead lamb asleep in the cemetery.

I got up and went out. Something drew me to Baby's grave. Perhaps it was Baby that led me. I love to think so.

I saw something by the grave in the white splendor of the moonlight. It was Alice. She did not hear me.

"Oh, heavens! I am so lonely now!" she cried. "Baby is all I had to love, and she is gone!"

It seemed to me that my heart was bare that moment in my breast, and Baby put her warm, little hand upon it, and the ice melted and was gone beneath her touch. Perhaps it was Baby's hand, and it may be that the finger of Providence touched me. I only know that the bitterness died out of my heart, and I knelt down by Alice's side, and asked her to forgive me for whatever sorrow I had made her in the weary, dreary past. And I remember that she dropped her head upon my breast, and kissed me, and her face was full of the light that comes when a prayer is suddenly answered—a great, shining light that was sweeter and purer than the glory of the summer night.

There is a little poem of Tennyson's that I often find myself saying over and over. A simple little thing, but in that last verse is told the sweetest experience that ever came to me:

"For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
Oh, there above the little grave,
We kissed again with tears."

It was there that my Alice came back to me out of the shadow in which I had lost her so long.

If a person swallows any poison whatever, or has fallen into convulsions from having overloaded the stomach, an instantaneous remedy, most efficient and applicable in a large number of cases, is a helping teaspoonful of common salt and as much ground mustard, stirred rapidly in a teacupful of water, warm or cold, and swallowed instantly. It is scarcely down before it begins to come up, bringing with it the remaining contents of the stomach; and lest there be any remnant of the poison, however small, let the white of an egg or a teaspoonful of strong coffee be swallowed as soon as the stomach is quiet, because these very common articles nullify a large number of virulent poisons.

The aggregate steam power in use in the world is at present 3,500,000 horse power employed in stationary engines, and 10,000,000 horse power in locomotive engines. The force is maintained without the consumption of animal food, except by the miners, who dig the coals, and the force maintained in their muscles is to the force generated by the product of their labor about one to 1,000. This steam power is equal to the working force of 25,000,000 horses, and one horse consumes three times as much food as one man. The steam power therefore, is equal to the saving of 75,000,000 human beings.

The King of Holland has the largest private conservatory in the world. It contains two immense palm trees; the smaller of which weighs two and a half tons; besides a wonderful collection of tropical plants. The glass dome of this huge greenhouse is 90 feet high, and 180 feet in diameter!

The professional pedestrian may be said to be a man who profits by his extremities.

Daring Kate.

BY VIVIENNE.

THE scene of the present tale is a fashionable watering-place; and we must open with a dialogue.

"I won't be teased——"

"You're half in love with——"

"Now, Harry——"

"But, you see——"

"*Won't* you stop?" emphatically. "Remember, I give you warning."

The speakers were Kate Harcourt and her cousin, Harry Darlington, who had been brought up with Kate from childhood, and with whom, therefore, she was as intimate as with a brother. The subject of their conversation was Reginald Vavasour, the great matrimonial prize of the season, who had just returned from abroad, handsome, highly educated, with a large estate, and preceded by a reputation for great abilities.

"He has but to exert himself," old men said, "and he can be anything he pleases; make a mark in literature, shine at the bar; get into Congress."

"Let him but throw his handkerchief," the dowagers declared, shaking their stately heads significantly, "and any girl, who isn't a fool, will jump to pick it up."

Perhaps it was because she had overheard this last remark; that Kate treated Vavasour with such supreme indifference. Perhaps there were other reasons. Vavasour was reserved, some said haughty; and this reserve was misunderstood. Kate, for one, misunderstood it.

"He is always remembering that the Vavasours fought against Saladin with Richard Cœur de Lion; as if other people hadn't ancestors also."

But the truth was, that Vavasour did not boast of his ancestry, and he avoided Kate, not because he was proud, but because he thought her a flirt. He as little understood her gay, sympathetic nature, that was fond of social triumphs and blossomed the brighter for them, as she comprehended him. Everybody else flattered Kate; but Vavasour never did. In her secret heart, she was piqued at this, though she would not own it. Harry read her better than she did herself.

"You are afraid of him," he had said to her, more than once, "and that is the whole truth about it. I'm glad there's somebody you're afraid of."

For this was not the first time that Harry had teased Kate about Vavasour.

"You're as indisputably the cleverest and handsomest girl here," he said, "as he is the most accomplished man of us all; and you two ought, in the eternal fitness of things, to be man and wife. I believe you love him, in your heart of hearts."

This was the conversation, that had been going on, one morning early, as Kate and Harry walked together in the grounds of the principal hotel at the fashionable watering-place where they were staying that summer. They had been sauntering down a thickly shaded path, with tall evergreens on either side, that led to a little brook; and on the edge of this brook they paused, while Harry went on teasing Kate, mischievously watching her color come and go, as she tapped the sward impatiently with her pretty little foot.

Kate had borne it, for some time, good-humoredly, but had turned upon her persecutor at last, as we have seen.

"Warning of what?" said Harry, coolly, in answer to her threat.

Kate, for reply, stooped down, and holding back her delicate muslin dress with one hand, scooped a handful of water up in the other.

"You know what I mean well enough," she said, without looking round, playing with her hand in the brook, meantime.

"Do It Well,"—and he laughed saucily,—"I dare you!"

Now, Harry knew that Kate was not to be dared. Moreover, at that moment he had caught sight of Vavasour, coming down the path of evergreens, and already so close, that, if Harry but stepped aside, the shower-bath would fall on the intruder, unless, indeed, Kate should see Vavasour in time, which, from the spot where she stood, and her position, for her back was turned, was not likely. The result of this remark was that Kate saw the water go splash into Reginald Vavasour's face.

"I beg your pardon, Vavasour, said Harry, mockingly bowing. "That compliment was intended for me: I don t see what right you have to monopolize it."

Poor Kate! If it had been anybody else than Vavasour, she would not have felt so mortified. Her cheek burned like fire. She would have welcomed an earthquake, at that moment, if it would only have swallowed her up from mortal sight.

Vavasour was equal to the occasion, however. He was ignorant, indeed, of what had gone before; but he suspected, at once, it was some mischief of Harry's. His only thought was to spare Kate.

"Anything from Miss Harcourt is an honor," he said, bowing to her, and wiping his face, as if what had happened was the most natural thing in the world; "but this is particularly refreshing on so hot a morning."

"You take it coolly," said Harry, now laughing outright.

"What—having cold water thrown on one by a lady?" answered Vavasour, gaily, joining in the laugh. "How else should one take it?"

"Oh, Mr. Vavasour," cried Kate, "I didn't mean to——."

She stopped short, blushing more intensely than ever; for she found she was saying more than she ought, considering the double meaning of his words.

"It is the natural privilege of the sex to serve us so," continued Vavasour, coming to the relief of Kate's embarrassment; "and Miss Harcourt is right in exercising it, hit or miss even—as to-day. Thanks!"

He bowed with such a mirth-provoking air, that they all laughed, even Kate, though she a little nervously.

As Harry declared afterwards, confidentially, to Kate, "Never was a thing more neatly done. Many a fellow would have quarrelled with me: I deserved that he should; but I couldn't help dodging, you see. His is worth all the rest of us together, cousin mine."

Kate seemed to think so also; for, from that morning, she no longer avoided Vavasour. The first time, indeed, that they met she was strangely shy; and she took herself seriously to task for it, in her chamber, afterwards.

"I was a little fool," she said. "I wonder if he saw it; he'd despise me if he did."

But this very shyness, for he did see it, attracted Vavasour. He discovered, he thought, that Kate was not the heartless coquette he had fancied, but she had all the sensitiveness of the truest woman. Then how bewitchingly lovely her blushes made her look! That modest, half-stealthy glance up at him, from those fathomless eyes, how it thrilled him through and through!

Before this event, he had not permitted himself to see Kate's good qualities; but now that was all past; and, day by day, she grew even more fascinating, her intellect brightening and kindling, as it were, in response to his own.

The result was before the summer was over, the engagement of Vavasour to Kate was an acknowledged fact; and a happier bride-elect never was than the once saucy belle; nor a prouder man than the expectant bridegroom.

The dowagers—at least those who had daughters unmarried—were not so pleased.

"I do believe she threw that water on purpose," said one spitefully: "she and Harry had it all arranged, depend on it."

"I always notice," answered the one addressed, "that those kind of girls play shy. Thank heaven! neither Araminta Jane nor Angelina would ever angle in that way—or," correcting herself, "in any way, for a man."

But Vavasour knew, if nobody else did, that Kate had not manœuvred, and that it was for himself, and not for his wealth, that she loved him. Every day, too, made this more evident. Kate was one who was hard to win, but who, once won, gave up her whole soul.

"I can't make it out how I understood you so at first," said Vavasour, one beautiful evening as they sauntered together in the grounds. "I thought you frivolous, vain, heartless, everything almost that I disliked. Ah! how can you forgive me?"

"But I was unjust, too," was the low answer, as Kate hung fondly on his arm. "I believe you to be haughty and self-opinionated—oh! you don't know the wicked things I said about you—and it was all because I wouldn't let myself know you as you really were."

For answer, Vavasour stooped to the dear face, upturned to his own, in the dim starlight, and kissed it. He was not sure that there were not tears in Kate's eyes.

The wedding was in excellent taste, very quiet, only a few intimate friends being present. But, of course, Harry was there. It was Harry who made the speech for the bridemaids, at the breakfast after the ceremony.

"The way to make a fellow propose, as you see," he said, in conclusion, "is first to throw cold water on him. It brought Vavasour to terms, and he was a hard subject, as we all know."

The joke was not new, as the readers of this story know, but everybody was in high spirits, and so it was greeted with laughter and applause. When this had subsided, Harry fired his last shot.

"But, you see," he said, "it isn't every girl that has the courage to do this: dear, tender-hearted creatures, they don t like to be too cruel to us; even Mrs. Vavasour, high-spirited and saucy as she was, had, as I happened to know, to be dared."

An American lady, who has lived in England, says: "For the street, English women dress horribly, but for dinner parties and balls they are lovely. They wear usually either white or black, and their skins and complexions are dazzling. But every English woman when she gets to be 35 or 40 has a rash break out on her nose. I believe it is because they drink so much. They are always drinking wine and all that at their meals. They don't get faded and worn, looking as we American women do, but they get very stout, and their beautiful complexions get to be really 'beery.'"

HAUNTED.

BY T. FERGUSON.

Oh, sleep,
For I have made a grave for you to rest,
Far down and hidden deep,
And laid the fairest blossoms and the best
Of all my life has borne me on your breast,
And given you all the tears I had to weep!

Lie still!
Among the dreams and roses you have slain!
Oh, you were strong to kill
The sweet delights I hunger for in vain!
And, since you cannot yield them back again,
Bear hence your ghostly presence white and chill.

Dead Past,
Vex me no more with visions of your face
From which I shrink aghast!
For all that you have stolen, grant me grace,
And let my soul have quiet for a space,
And comfort in Eternity at last!

Hunted Down.

BY A. L. S.

ONE Philip Brashear had been suspected of appropriating the funds of his employers, and while the firm were busy in summing up the total of their losses he had decamped, carrying with him money and bonds of very great value. A futile search followed; but to all appearance the culprit had vanished, leaving no traces that might lead to his apprehension.

At least, that was the popular verdict, expressed by everyone having an interest in the affair, with the sole exception of Mr. Jonas Biggerton, a celebrated detective, whose agents had traced Brashear not only to the place he had adopted in his flight, but to the house where even now he lay awaiting a favorable opportunity to quit the country.

Mr. Jonas Biggerton, though loving honesty and square dealing much, loved the fabulous possession of Midas more. Hence, when a beggarly fifty dollars was offered for the apprehension of Brasear, Mr. Biggerton dilated his wide-spread nostrils, and whispered he would await a higher fluctuation in the market of reward.

So it happened that one afternoon, as he sat conning over the entries made by his head clerk, Sliggins, in his "Docket of Criminalities," the dusty door of his dustier office revolved on its creaky hinges, and, looking up, Mr. Biggerton spied the well-known form of his nephew, John Liel, standing abashed in the shadowy aperture.

"Well, it's you, is it?" quoth Mr. Biggerton, ungraciously enough.

"Yes, sir." And John Liel walked unsteadily forward. "I hope you're glad to see me, uncle?"

"I can't say that I am," grunted the chief. "I suppose you're out of work again? Idleness has become a chronic malady with you, John."

John Liel stood twitching the frayed end of a not immaculate handkerchief through his rigid digits.

"I hope not, uncle; leastwise, I——"

"Happily, we don't see our own faults, John. But let me tell you that one of yours is laziness; so don't stand on the defensive."

"I have not endeavored to defend myself, for could I conscientiously do so,' with a sharp, faint laugh.

Mr. Biggerton replaced his gold-bowed glasses, and sat looking for a moment or two at his nephew. He was a short, corpulent old fellow, this uncle of John's, close-shaven, keen-eyed, alert, and dressed with scrupulous care in a suit of shiny black broad-cloth.

"Well what are you going to do with yourself?" he finally interrogated.

"I hardly know;" and John looked down appealingly into the round, ruddy face of his kinsman. "I had entertained a faint hope——"

"And what did you hope?"

"That there might be something in the service you could offer me."

Mr. Jonas Biggerton let fall his docket of criminalities with something very much like a smothered gasp.

"You!"

"Certainly; why not?"

"Why not?" For the very sufficient reason that you are not qualified to fill any position beyond the counter of a country shoe shop. It takes a deal more than a good-natured dolt to fulfil the duties required of a detective."

"For all that, you might put me to the test."

Just then a sudden thought revealed itself to Mr. Biggerton.

"And so I might," he conceded. "I suppose it's against the code of human nature to let one's own flesh and blood starve outright, and I have a kind of a half notion to try you, anyhow. There, there!" he rejoined, cautiously. "Don't rush into a vortex of avowals before you are certain of my intentions, which are these. You've heard of Brashear, the clerk who decamped a week or so ago, leaving Killop and Carr a considerable sum the worse for his flight? Well, very confidentially and strictly between ourselves, we have tracked this fellow to an outlandish neighborhood called Beamish, where we intend to keep him until the reward offered for his apprehension is enough to recompense us for our trouble. Now, John, here's your chance. Go and keep a clear eye on him; then, when the time arrives to expose him, I'll come and arrest him, and pay you well for your trouble—all with the proviso that you do your work in the right way."

"But how am I to recognise the culprit?" queried Liel.

"Easily enough; he is your height to a hair's breadth, very dark, and effeminate to the last degree."

"And you are certain he is at Beamish?"

"Certain as I am of my own existence. There is but one tavern in the place, and at it he is domiciled. It is highly probable he will be disguised and under an assumed name. But you must ferret out his identity, aided by the information I have given you, and the fact that he has been in the place just a fortnight come Tuesday. Here's enough money to cover your expenses. If you fail, never come my way again. If you succeed, your future is assured. Now go."

And John, stowing away a generous supply of cash in his innermost pocket, obeyed Mr. Biggerton's peremptory bidding.

Beamish was indeed a very quiet and out-of-the-way place. There were precisely seven rambling farm-houses, an equally rambling church, and a heap of brick and mortar, which had for a sign, "The Traveller's Rest."

John Liel got to this place on the second morning after his departure from Biggerton's office. Once there, he set about his duties with all the system and regularity befitting them. Going direct to the tavern, he secured his quarters and ordered dinner, and went to his room until his feed should be ready.

When, after no very long time, John came down to dinner, the first person introduced to him was a Mr. Oliver Pierce.

This man was in the last stage of respectable intoxication; and as he lolled about the room, eating and gesticulating and talking all in a breath, John had a good opportunity to study his rum-blossoming physiognomy.

His intuition told him the fellow was the one he sought. His face was covered by a straggling beard of several weeks' growth; he was quite dark, and John's height "to a hair's breadth."

That afternoon John telgraphed to Biggerton.

"Uncle Jonas,—Everything in excellent order, and awaiting your pleasure.

"JOHN."

It was twilight when he again entered his room, and scarcely had he done so than he heard some one fumbling with the door-knob. A second later the door swung quickly open, and leaning against the panels was a woman. Quite a tall woman she was—certainly several inches above the accepted height of her sex. Her face, outlined by the dense shadows of the hall, was strangely prepossessing; she had full, regular features, a damask rose sort of complexion, and pale gray eyes under dark curling lashes.

Mr. Liel was the first to regain his composure.

"Is there anything I can do for you?

At the first sound of his voice she shrank back still further into the shadows. She had not seen him until he spoke.

"Yes," she articulated, faintly, in a velvety contralto voice, "though I should never have intruded had I known you were here. The door of my room has become locked during my absence, and your key and mine are counterparts of each other."

John stooped forward and wrested his key from its lock, then passed into the hall, accompanied by the lady. Her room lay directly opposite his own, and it was the work of scarcely a moment to insert the key and turn the lock into its rightful position. Then, with a faint murmur of thanks, the lady passed within, closing the door behind her.

He stayed there a second or so, listening to the fall of her receding footsteps, then turned about and was sauntering across the narrow hall, when suddenly a man staggered with drunken force against him. Just then a momentary shimmer of light burned upward from the fitful flare of the hall lamp, and, lying half senseless in his clasp, John Liel saw the figure of Philip Brashear.

He led the fellow a few paces, then set him on his feet and watched him with a keen sense of satisfaction stagger against the door of a room farther along the corridor, and sink into a heavy sleep across the threshold.

John felt more interest in his mysterious visitor next morning than he did in either Brashear or his breakfast. He watched for her until his eyes tired of their vain expectancy; and, desparing at last of seeing, questioned mine host about her, and had his trouble for his pains. Mine host knew absolutely nothing beyond the meagre facts that her name was Spear, and that she kept to herself.

So John had to content himself that day with watching the movements of Philip Brashear, and congratulating his vanity upon the conquest he had won over his old enemy—fate.

Towards evening he saw the door of Miss Spear's room slightly ajar, and ventured in with a neatly worded pretence of having mistaken the apartment for his own. Miss Spear was manifestly surprised, and unquestionably displeased. However, she went through the formula of a half-hour's chat with a becoming show of good nature. When he went away, she told herself she must submit to his well-meant overture; for suspicion was a precedent she did not care to establish just then.

So time ran blithely away, and spring merged itself into summer, and John stood in hourly expectancy of orders from his chief. He had been at Beamish a month now, idly watching the movements of Brashear, and playing the agreeable to Miss Spear.

And so things course dalong very pleasantly until over the wires sped these words:—

"John Liel,—Will be with you to-night.

"UNCLE JONAS."

The missive set John to thinking, then to planning. First of all, he decided Miss Spear must not be compromised by so much as a sight of the affair. He would tell her everything, and have her leave the house until all was over. He slipped out of his room and along the hall till he faced the door of the culprit's room. Peering in, he saw the fellow lying prone upon his bed, sleeping of the effects of his spirituous potations. Quick as thought he snatched up the key lying at his feet, and quicker still locked his prey securely within. That done, he went to Miss Spear.

A stiff wind had crept up from the sea, over which a storm was raging. Miss Spear was leaning before the window, resting her head against the jamb. He found her as he entered the room in answer to her bidding. There was no time to lose, and he told her everything; of Brashear's crime, of his flight to Beamish, and, lastly, of his being even now an inmate of the house. He meant to tell her, too, just which inmate he was; but she did not ask, and he thought it needless.

A transient cloud flitted over Miss Spear's face; then she paled to the roots of her dark hair.

"And you—you have been watching his movements all along?"

"All along!"

She puts her lips together rigidly, as if to stifle an utterance that had arisen to them.

"And they are coming to-night to arrest him?"

"Precisely."

"You shall never live to see Philip Brashear taken!"

She sprang suddenly forward, a world of hatred glowing in her steely eyes. With one hand she tore the dark strands of hair from her head, with the other she levelled a weapon at Liel's heart.

"You shall never live to arrest me, I swear!"

There was a long moment of silence, then a sharp, muffled report, and a pool of vaporous smoke eddied up towards the ceiling. Another space of silence; meanwhile the smoke of the shot was clearing, and, looking forward, John Liel saw the form of Miss Spear, otherwise Philip Brashear, at his feet, and that of Uncle Jonas at his side.

"Was it you who fired?" John asked, faintly.

"Not at all; I merely turned Brashear's weapon upon himself; he is in an eminently agreeable condition to be taken back to the city. As for you, John—well, I ain't much on talking, but you're a hero, and we'll settle the rest between ourselves."

Without an utterance, John sped along the hall to where the supposed Brashear still slept, unconscious of his incarceration. Afterwards he learned that the fellow was a confirmed drunkard, who had migrated to Beamish simply to finish his existence in a trance of ecstatic collapse. As for the resemblance between himself and Brashear, it was purely an accidental one.

Of course John prevaricated outrageously in the matter of the encounter with Brashear. It is not on record what his version of the affair was. No doubt it was absurdly incongrous with the real facts; but it answered the purpose; and the defaulter was convicted, and the reward given to Uncle Jonas, who shared it generously with his nephew, and died sounding that young man's praises.

CASHIER APES.—The Siamese ape is stated to be in great request among Siamese merchants as a cashier in their counting-houses. Vast quantities of base coin obtain circulation in Siam, and the faculty of discrimination between good money and bad would appear to be possessed by these gifted monkeys in such an extraordinary degree of development that no mere human being, however carefully trained, can compete with them. The cashier ape meditatively puts into his mouth each coin presented to him in business payments, and tests it with grave deliberation. If it be genuine, he hands it over to his master. If it be counterfeit, he sets it down on the counter before him with a solemn grimace of displeasure. His method of testing is regarded in commercial circles as infallible; and, as a matter of fact, his decision is uniformly accepted by all parties interested in the transaction.

Let us not imagine evils we do not feel, nor injure life by misrepresentations.

Scientific and Useful.

PHOTOGRAPHED SILKS.—Manufacturers of Lyons are introducing photographic impressions on silk, of pictures by the old masters, and of more modern works of art. No description is given of the process.

SECRET INK.—Lemon juice, onion juice, or a weak solution of oil of vitriol, common salt or saltpetre will turn brown or yellow when exposed to the fire. A dilute solution of chloride of copper becomes yellow at a moderate heat, and disappears on cooling, while a weak solution of chloride of cobalt and chloride of nickel is turned a bright green. Use these liquids the same as ink, only it is necessary that the pen be kept clean.

FROSTED GLASS.—To make imitation of frosted glass that steam will not destroy, put a piece of putty in muslin, twist the fabric tight and tie into the shape of a pad. First, clean the glass thoroughly, and then with the prepared putty pad daub the glass all over, thinly. The putty will exude sufficiently through the muslin to render the satin opaque. Let it dry hard, and then varnish. If a pattern is required, cut it out in a paper as a stencil; place it so as not to split, and proceed as above, removing the stencil when finished. If there should be any objection to the existence of the clear spaces, cover with slightly opaque varnish. In this way very neat and cheap signs may be painted on glass in windows and doors.

SOAP STONE LUBRICATOR.—A writer in one of the foreign technical journals expresses a decided preference for soap-stone powder, in the form of dust, as a lubricant for the axles of machines. For this purpose it is first reduced to a very fine powder, then washed to remove all gritty particles, then steeped for a short time in dilute muriatic acid, in which it is stirred until all particles of iron which it contains are dissolved. The powder is then washed in pure water again to remove all traces of acid, after which it is dried, and is the purified steatite powder used for lubrication. It is not used alone, but is mixed with the oils and fats, in the proportion of about 35 per cent. of the powder added to paraffin, rape, or other oil, or the powder may be mixed with any of the soapy compounds employed in the lubrication of heavy machinery.

THE HECTOGRAPH.—There seems to be an impression here that the copying devices known as the hectograph and the chromograph have slabs or tablets of the same composition. The following information may be of interest: Both tablets are protected by flat tin boxes. The tablet of the hectograph is composed of a mixture of gelatine, syrup, glycerol, and acetic acid. The acetic acid makes the glycerine somewhat soluble, and the syrup and the glycerol keep the gelatine from getting hard. The tablet of the chromograph is made of a mixture of 100 grammes of the best gelatine melted with 400 to 500 cubic centimetres of a thick precipitate of barium sulphate in a basin on a water-bath, to which 100 grammes dextrine are added while the mixture is constantly stirred, and, lastly, 1,000 to 1,200 grammes of glycerol. When the mixture is cooled sufficiently it is poured into the flat tin box and allowed to solidify. A thick aniline ink is used for writing the original on glazed paper. The written side of the paper is placed on the tablet, and the latter absorbs enough of the ink to make a large number of copies by simply laying closely on the tablet clean sheets of paper in succession after the original has been removed. Both the hectograph and the chromograph are operated in the same way. To remove the ink from the chromograph, cold water and a sponge will suffice, but the hectograph requires warm water to effect the same end.

Farm and Garden.

USE OF BRAN.—Bran is a very valuable food in a stable for reducing inflammatory effects of oats and beans. Made into mashes, it has a very cooling and laxative effect; but used in excess, especially in a dry state, it is apt to form stony secretions in the bowels of the horse.

SOWING IN BOXES IN THE HOUSE.—When only a few varieties are to be sown, good plants can be grown by sowing in shallow boxes of earth, putting these in a warm, sunny window in the house, covering each box with a pane of glass to retain the moisture. Never sow seeds in pots unless they are sunk up to the rims in boxes of moist earth or moss; otherwise they are apt to quickly dry out and injure the seeds or young plants.

CARE OF CATTLE.—Young and growing cattle are the better for exercise, and should have the opportunity, daily, of stretching their limbs in the open air, except during storms. But fattening cattle need very little exercise, and may be profitably kept in stall during the three or four months of the closing period of fattening. In fact it is an expensive exercise to allow a free daily run to fattening cattle. It will take a considerable percentage of their food to sustain the expenditure of muscular force. Comfortable quiet must accompany the rapid deposit of fat.

HINTS TO POULTRY EATERS.—The reason why poultry killed at home, though young, is not as tender as that bought in the market, is that the former is not generally killed until wanted, and when eaten is still rigid with death, while that bought at the poulterer's has been killed at least hours—more often days. Poultry ought to be killed several days before eaten, dressed at once, and with a few pieces of charcoal in it, hung in a cool place. If poultry are kept from food and drink at least twelve hours before killing, the flesh will be juicy and the fat firm. If left three days without food or drink, though in good condition previously, the flesh will be dry and tasteless, and the fat soft. Never buy an undrawn fowl. The gas from the crop and intestines will taint the flesh, even though retained but a short time.

DRIVERS' MISTAKES.—Draymen seem to forget, or else they do not know, that the draft of a wagon is doubled when the wheels turn on snow, and very much greater still when the snow is deep and mealy. We could never see the advantage of overloading a team and spending so much time in getting them started when they get "stuck," as they are sure to do if the load is too heavy. Better take a smaller load and go quickly without injuring the horses. In the cities, as well as in the country, there are more or less treacherous holes which it is well to think about when an unreasonable weight is put upon a vehicle. And it is well to remember that one team "stuck" on a thoroughfare will often hinder a score besides themselves.

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SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 6, 1879

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HUMILITY.

WHEN we reflect upon our past faults and errors, our present weakness and imperfections, and the exalted purity at which we should aim, we essentially check every vain and presumptuous thought, and teach ourselves "low-mindedness." Yet this reflection should never discourage our hopes, nor induce us to neglect to exert our best endeavors to improve our powers; nor should it dispose us to carry to excess the sense of humility. It is a mistake to suppose that we cannot be too humble. A certain degree of respect to ourselves is necessary to obtain a proportionate degree from others. Too low an opinion of ourselves will also prevent our undertaking what we are very able to accomplish, and thus prevented the fulfillment of our duty; for it is our duty to exert the faculties given us to the utmost, for good purposes; and how shall we exert abilities which we are too humble to suppose we possess?

Humility is not a poverty of spirit, nor a slavish compliance with the wills of others. It is merely a consciousness of our own insufficiency. Every man who is sensible is, therefore, more or less humble; he takes a near view of his own imperfections, undisguised by that false coloring which, while we are engaged in society, our passions are apt to throw over them. At the same time, the sense of his own weakness teaches him to be more indulgent to that of others. He is not so apt to inveigh bitterly against the levities, misfortunes, or indiscretion of others. He remembers how he needs the extension of charity, and notes the errors of neighbors and servants with a tolerating spirit of benevolence. Thus, a man who is wisely humble manifests his opinion of himself by universal kindness to his fellow-creatures.

Among the many virtues which are requisite for the right governing of the possions and affections, humility may well claim a forward place. This virtue is not only excellent in itself, but useful towards the obtaining of the rest. It is the foundation on which all the others must be built; and he who hopes to gain them without this, will be like the foolish architect of old, who built his house upon the sand.

IN regard to Jupiter, now brilliantly shining in our night sky, an article in a scientific journal says that as to the real nature of that magnificent globe, we are compelled to admit an embarrassing amount of ignorance. We see, indeed, that it is encompassed by an envelope, subject to occasional disturbances of a nature which on the earth would necessarily indicate the extensive prevalence of vapor, sometimes in tranquil suspension, at others either assisted by rapid currents or subject to equally speedy processes of precipitation and solution. Beyond this we can hardly be said to know anything. Jupiter is in no respect an enlarged resemblance of the earth. With so little similarity in point of density and gravitation—with so slight a diversity of seasons—with such rapid interchange of day and night—could we be transported there, we should probably find ourselves as among the imagery of an incomprehensible dream.

SANCTUM CHAT.

IT has been ascertained in Scotland that marriage is productive of longevity. Out of 100,000 married persons, 620 died in the course of each year; while out of a similar number of unmarried persons between the same ages, no less than 1,231 die in each year. It is believed that this will hold good throughout the world.

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FOR some time past Chinese aromatic smoke-rods have been used for perfuming rooms. They are grayish-brown sticks, which are easily kindled, and burn slowly with a bright glow, leaving a ruddy ash behind and diffusing a pleasant aroma on the air. They are formed of powdered cascarilla bark, from which the bitter principle has been boiled out, leaving the aromatic resin. These grounds are kneaded into a soft mass with tragacanth gum, and then molded into rods.

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A WESTERN church has demonstrated the utility of the telephone as a transmitter of sermons. The wires ran from the pulpit to the newspaper offices, the Governor's room, and several stores. At each place the various noises in the church were distinctly heard—the rustling of people to their seats, the organ voluntary, the congregational singing, the prayer, and the reading of the notices. "Then," says a paper, "followed the sermon, as much enjoyed by the distant groups of listeners as by those in the church."

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SOME time ago the Evangelical Church in Hungary believed itself in possession of the original last will and testament of the great Protestant reformer, Martin Luther. The genuineness of the document was, in fact, attested as undoubted by a special commission appointed to determine that question. The members of this body, however, did not consist of historical scholars, but chiefly of noted members of Parliament. Accordingly before long it was shown, upon the evidence of Professor Ranke's researches, that the only real testament of Luther—that which he had written with his own hand—is, as a matter of fact, in the Heidelburg Library, and is there kept in a glass case for the inspection of visitors. The will in possession of the Hungarian Church is a copy which was made with literal exactness by one of his disciples.

—

OXFORD, town and university, is complaining of the bad times. The colleges are complaining because their income is mainly derived from land, and at the present moment real estate is very unproductive. The exclusive and aristocratic set in the university is complaining because a poorer class of men are now in the colleges. Five hundred freshmen have joined this term, and the aristocratic few are likely to be swamped by men of humble means. However bad a sign this is to the aristocrats, however, it will be considered a good one by the friends of university education. The tradesmen are disgruntled, too, and cite the case of a clerk in the postoffice, who went through the course and got his degree, while still serving the State at his desk, to show that business cannot prosper when such men become collegians.

—

THE latest proof of the Austrian Empress' remembrance of her Irish sojourn is the superb presentation with which she has honored the superiors and students of Maynooth College. This beautiful gift has taken the appropriate form (appropriate as coming from a huntress) of an equestrian statuette, in solid silver, representing the symbolic encounter of St. George and the Dragon. The group of figures—dragon, steed and knight, stand fully eighteen inches high, and weigh nearly thirty-four pounds. They were cast, as an inscription testifies, in the imperial foundry at Vienna, and, as a work of art, are pronounced by connoisseurs to be exquisite in design and finish. The figures are supported on a pedestal of hard, dark wood, resembling ebony, carved after a delicate shell-like pattern, and embellished with emblematic silver medallions, conspicuous among which is the two-headed eagle of Austria.

—

A SINGULAR case of recovery from insanity through an injury occurred recently in the New York Homœopathic State Asylum for the Insane. A male patient, twenty-four years old, when in a state of violent irritation, sprang up to the gas fixture, caught hold of a slender tubing, and swung himself with considerable force. The fixture gave way and the patient fell, striking his head upon the stone pavement. Instantly he arose, walked out of the ward, and gave a clear account of the accident he had met with. He had, in fact, recovered his mind, though he suffered greatly from the external injuries to his scalp. This case is not alone of its kind. Some physicians have seriously tried to raise the question of the application of sudden and violent shaking of the head to the treatment of insanity; but as the question of the dose is one of great difficulty, this heroic method remains optional with the patients themselves.

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DR. FAIRBANK writes to the *British Medical Journal* in regard to the use of the variety of seaweed botanically known as *Fucus vesiculosus*, for reducing obesity, as follows: "More than fifteen years ago I gave some of the extract in pill (four grains three times a day) to a very corpulent lady, who in three months lost two stone in weight without any change of diet. Since then I have frequently given it for reducing weight depending on the accumulation of adipose tissue, and have never found it fail. The solid extract can be easily made into four grain pills, which must, however, be kept in a stoppered bottle, as they readily absorb moisture from the air. I may say that a patient who has lately been taking it as an anti-fat, and who always suffered very much from rheumatic pains about the body, has been entirely free from such trouble while she has been taking the extract, a fact which she quite independently noted."

—

AS the old "red cent" has now passed out of use, and, except rarely, out of sight, like the "old oaken bucket," its history is a matter of sufficient interest for preservation. The cent was first proposed by Robert Morris, the great financier of the Revolution, and was named by Jefferson two years after. It began to make its appearance from the mint in 1793. It bore the head of Washington on one side, and thirteen links on the other. The French Revolution soon created a rage for French ideas in America, which put on the cent, instead of the head of Washington, the head of the Goddess of Liberty—a French Liberty—with neck thrust forward and flowing locks. The chain on the reverse side was displaced by the olive wreath of peace; but the French Liberty was short-lived, and so was her portrait on our cent. The next head or figure that succeeded this, the staid, classic dame with a fillet around her hair, came into fashion about thirty or forty years ago, and her finely chiselled Grecian features have been but slightly altered by the lapse of time.

—

THE *Monde* describes a ceremony once general among sportsmen, but now surviving only at Chantilly—the "Mass and Blessing of the Dog on St. Hubert's Day, the 3d of November." The degenerate race of sportsmen, the *Monde* complains, imitate St. Hubert's cynegetic passion rather than his prodigies of penitence, and consider the slaughter of an innocent rabbit equal to the death of the mystical dragon overcome by the hero of the Ardennes. The Duc d'Aumale, however, keeps up the tradition, and at four in the morning he and his guests assembled in the parish church, where his chief huntsman, Hourvart, held in a leash Rabagas, the oldest member of the pack. Gravely seated on the steps of the altar, Rabagas seemed to receive with some surprise the holy water, and the Orleans Cockade which was attached to his neck, but he committed no indecorum like his predecessor, Corbeau, who last year devoured a wax candle. At the elevation of the host, the six huntsmen sounded on the trumpet the blast of St. Hubert; and on leaving the church they gave the "Reveil du Veneur," the "Conde," and the "D'Orleans." At seven o'clock the Orleans Princes and 300 guests hunted a stag, which, after a fine chase, was despatched in the Comelle Ponds.

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THE Victoria Cross is a naval and military decoration instituted during the Crimean war, and is conferred for valor only. The institution of the new decoration was announced in the London *Gazette*, the official organ of the English Government, February 8, 1856; and in every case, the reason why it is bestowed is chronicled in the *Gazette*, as well as the fact of its bestowal. Some of these brief records stir one's blood; as for instance the following: Joseph Trewvas, seaman, "cut the hawsers of the floating bridge in the Straits of Genitcha under a heavy fire of musketry, on which occasion he was wounded;" during the battle of Inkermann, Sergeant-Major Henry, of the artillery, "defended the guns of his battery until he had received twelve bayonet wounds;" during the siege of Sebastopol a rifleman was occupied by two Russians who annoyed the English troops by their fire, whereupon "Private McGregor, of the Rifles crossed the open space under fire, and, taking cover under a rock, dislodged them and occupied the pit." Coming down to our own times, the Cross was conferred only the other day upon the gallant fellow who held for a whole night the hospital buildings at Rorke's Drift against an overwhelming force of Zulus. The Cross was first bestowed in the summer of 1857, when it was given by the Queen in person to sixty one Crimean veterans. The Cross itself is a very simple affair; Maltese, made of gun metal, with the royal crest in the centre, and on a scroll beneath the legend, "For valor."

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A NEW night signal for army use has been devised, and it is so simple in principle that the wonder is that it was not long ago thought of. The rocket which has been almost universally used for this purpose, is very portable, can be used under almost any circumstances, and is visible at great distances. In very stormy weather, however, it cannot always be relied upon; its use is attended with some danger when combustible materials happen to be in the neighborhood; and, as the point from which it is sent up can generally be made out with fair accuracy, it may convey the enemy information which it is desirable should be withheld from him. Accordingly, experiments have lately been carried out in Austria to ascertain whether small balloons, resembling very closely those sold as playthings to children, might not with advantage be substituted for rockets as night signals; and the results of the preliminary trials made are stated to have been very satisfactory. A star of a light and inflammable compound, which may be made to burn of any particular color desired, is attached to the balloon, and to this again is made fast a piece of slow match. When it is desired to transmit information by a preconcerted signal, the balloon is let loose, with the star attached and with the slow match alight, and cut to a length which which will ensure its igniting the star when the balloon has attained the desired altitude. These small balloons are very cheap, a large number of them costing less than a single rocket.

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THE necessity for stringent regulations about photographs has occasionally been demonstrated by some ugly occurrences. A few years ago Parisian society was startled by rumors of the most cynical immorality in high places; and photographs were privately passed about in proof of the truth of these allegations. Credulous people gazed with astonishment upon the portraits of well-known *grandes dames* in the most extraordinary costumes and of statesmen in the queerest company, till at length the police went to work, and, after a grand seizure of cartes, discovered that it was the practice of certain scamps to buy the photographs of respectable persons, remove the heads, and stick them on the bodies of persons who had been photographed in fanciful costumes and attitudes. The model thus obtained being rephotographed, sometimes afforded pictures so well done as to make it impossible for any one to divine that the persons represented in them had not been willing sitters. The police did all they could to punish the offenders in this case; but owing to the French abhorrence of scandal, none of the parties wronged came forward to prosecute, so that there was no public exposure or judicial sentence which might have acted as a deterrent for the future. Perhaps the unclean traffic has begun again; for in France, as in England, the person who sits for a photograph has no copyright in the negative, and cannot prevent copies from being sold under the rose. Respectable photographers, however, having police seizures to reckon with, generally make it their practice to ask leave of their customers whose portraits they wish to sell; and in all cases where an honorarium is demanded for this privilege, it is given. But one may doubt whether the sums thus obtainable are large, for even the photographs of popular actresses are sold in much smaller numbers than one might suppose. The portraits of sovereigns, princesses, and public men are, it seems, in larger demand.

A MOTHER'S REPINE.

BY ALICE I. MCALILLY.

The wind is so mournfully sad, Willie,
And slumber refuses me rest;
And I mourn, with unceasing longing,
For the little head gone from my breast.
I would not ask for you back, baby,
And I pray not to think heaven unkind,
But 'tis hard to feel all for the best, dear,
And hard to be meek and resigned.

And to say "Thy will be done, Father!"
Is a trial you never can know,
For you are safe from your pains, dearest,
That must come to all creatures below.
And I'm like the lone forest tree, Willie,
When its greenness and beauty have fled,
As it sways to and fro in the storm, dear,
And mourns o'er the days that are dead.

And I long for your sweet baby smile, love,
And the sweet cooing voice that is still,
And my arms have a feeling so empty,
That nought but my baby can fill.
And I sit by your empty crib, Willie,
With your garments and playthings close by,
And I try to think you are near, darling,
And can hear me if only I cry.

My heart has a strange gnawing pain, baby,
And a yearning I cannot express,
As my fingers stray tenderly over
The folds of your last little dress.
Thank heaven, you never can know, Willie,
What I am suffering to night,
And your dear little feet are safe, love,
In the beautiful kingdom of light.

Hidden Treasure.

BY A. M. L

MR. SPICER was a highly respectable man. He was a bachelor, supposed to be on the shady side of sixty. He lived in a small but highly respectable house, attended by a single middle-aged female servant, who, to judge from her ugliness and ill temper, was to the full as respectable as her master.

Mr. Spicer had made his money, and he seemed disposed to keep it. The young folks called him a miser, but the old nodded their heads approvingly, and said he was a prudent man, and she would be a fortunate woman who got him for a husband, as he had but one relative in the world that they knew of, and he was a scapegrace nephew, who years ago had run away to sea, and was in all probability either drowned or hanged by this time.

Mr. Spicer, however, seemed to entertain no ideas of matrimony, and moved on his path of life with a halo of respectability around him. It is true that he did not keep a chaise, but when it was well known that any one in want of money could obtain it to any amount from Mr. Spicer (provided he offered good security) his respectability was so undeniable that it could do without the chaise.

One winter's evening, Mr. Spicer sat in his parlor with his ledgers and account books before him. The year was drawing to a close, and as he took a pleased survey of the profits it had brought him, the lust for gold grew stronger in his avaricious heart.

A ring at the street door disturbed him. The bell was unusually loud and shrill, for his servant was deaf, and now being pulled by a vigorous arm, its sudden alarm caused the respectable Mr. Spicer to start to his feet.

In a few minutes Hannah opened the parlor door, and informed him of what his own ears had already told him, that a gentleman wished to speak to him.

In answer to his inquiring looks she replied:

"Don't know; never saw him before," and then, in obedience to the well known nod of assent, she proceeded to introduce the visitor.

He was a little man of middle age, rather thin and pale, with an odd, restless manner about him, that made him remarkable. His dress consisted of a loose kind of shooting-coat, made of a coarse pepper and salt cloth, with knee-breeches of the same, made very wide and full, being, in fact, the garment which we now call after the celebrated historian of New York. Leather gaiters, stout shoes, and a felt hat completed his costume.

To Mr. Spicer he was evidently a stranger; but as so many strangers called upon him, especially after nightfall, that Hannah took no notice of that, but closed the parlor door after him, and retreated to the kitchen, which was situated at the back of the house.

At about eleven o'clock she heard her master wishing the stranger good night in a loud, and as she thought, somewhat agitated voice. Then she heard the front door closed, and bolted (for some sounds penetrated her ears much more easily than others), and then Mr. Spicer came into the kitchen, and seeming startled at the sight of her, told her angrily to go to bed. He had often blamed her for sitting up after ten o'clock, but it had always been on account of a needless waste of fuel and candle, and it struck her as something extraordinary that on the present occasion he made no allusion to the customary cause of complaint. To bed, however, she went, but not to sleep. She seemed, to use her own words, to have got the horrors, though wherefore it was impossible for her to imagine. If Hannah had been a chemist, she might have easily traced the unpleasant, sickening feeling that oppressed her to an odor of prussic acid that pervaded the house. She had left her bed-room door ajar, and she lay awake and listened. Yes—listened, deaf as she was.

Hannah's was a deafness that varied with the state of her mind. If her temper was ruffled she could not hear what was said till it had been bawled into her ears half-a-dozen times. But if her curiosity was roused, her hearing became proportionately acute. Such cases are not unfrequent. She heard at first a dull sound as of something heavy being dragged along the passage, and then a muffled bump, bumb, at intervals, as though the same thing were being dragged down stairs.

"I do believe he is hiding his money," said she, sitting up in bed and listening, with all her ears. "How I should like too see where he puts it."

And following up the impulse, as an inquisitive person usually does, she slipped out of bed, and crept, barefooted, down stairs. As she peered over the bannisters of the lowest flight, beyond which she dared not venture for fear of discovery, she became aware that a rumbling noise which she heard proceeded from the coal-cellars. These cellars occupied the place usually devoted to the kitchen, and were, consequently, under the dining-room and Mr. Spicer's private parlor or office, and the door leading to them opened into the passage, just below the spot where her night-capped head projected beyond the bannisters. This door now stood wide open, as she saw by an occasional gleam of light from below, and the sound she heard was that produced by shovelling coals.

"Good gracious!" ejaculated Hannah, indignantly, "does he go down of a night and count the coals? What next. I wonder! Well, things are come to a pretty pass. And it a little besides a knob of coal now and then that I can get to take to my poor old aunt; and I suppose even that will be taken away from her now."

Boiling over with indignation, the deeply injured Hannah was turning to re-ascend the stairs when a ray of light from the parlor fire shot across the passage, showing her the mat turned all awry, and just on the threshold a pair of thick shoes of the kind called high-lows, which, she could take her oath, never belonged to her master.

"There's somebody else there!" was her very natural conclusion, and half from fear of being caught prying, half from a doubt about the becomingness of her nightcap, she bolted up stairs with more celerity than caution, and this time carefully turned the key of her chamber-door. She was glad she had done so when she heard a stealthy tread outside, and saw a light glancing through the chinks.

"He's a spying of me now," she said to herself. "I wonder what he can be about, that makes him so suspicious! He must be hiding his money."

Here she breathed hard to make her master suppose she was snoring. He went down stairs, and she soon fell asleep in the midst of a waking dream of what she should do if Mr. Spicer died without telling any one where he had concealed his treasure, and she found it under the coals, and let nobody into the secret.

The next day passed away, nothing happening out of the common, excepting that Mr. Spicer appeared more thoughtful than usual, and also that he ordered three tons of coals and superintended in person the depositing of the greater part of them in the cellar beneath his office, where a small heap already lay in the centre of the floor. It will readily be believed that Hannah had taken the earliest opportunity to fetch up fuel for the fires; and the little heap "which was not so before," did not escape her sharp inquisitive eye. But Mr. Spicer was also on the watch; and called her away hastily on some pretence before she had time to investigate farther. Indeed it was not her cue to excite his suspicions in the slightest degree. It was enough for her to have seen what she had seen, for she recollected that just where those coals were placed, there was a trap-door that had once been in some way connected with the drainage of the house, but had long been disused. She was satisfied that the money was there, and took care not to go near the place again.

Precisely at half-past nine that evening Mr. Spicer was in his office, just as he had been the evening before; but his occupation was not exactly the same. His ledgers and account-books lay about on the table it is true, but he was carefully and minutely examining various papers which he took out of a large leather pocket-book. A loud ring at the door startled him. He hastily thrust the documents back into the book, flung it into the iron safe, and closed the door, which grated harshly on its hinges. In a few moments Hannah appeared at the door.

"It's the same gentleman that came last night, sir," she said.

"The—what—who?" he stammered out, turning perfectly livid (he had looked like a corpse all the day). "What nonsense are you talking? It can't be!" And his teeth chatted like a pair of castanets.

"I'm sure it's the same," she replied; "it's not so easy to mistake him." Then catching the infection of his terror, she ran to him for protection, exclaiming, "Oh save us, sir! Is he mad? Oh dear! I shouldn't wonder if he was! And his eyes look so wild and strange, and he's got his shoes in his hand, though there's snow on the ground too! Oh dear! if he should come in and kill us both!"

Mr. Spicer had fallen back into his chair, and but for the continuous chattering of his teeth, the poor woman would have thought him either dead or in a fit, so rigid and ghastly was his face.

There is a kind of courage sometimes gathered from seeing others in greater terror than ourselves, and so it was with Hannah. She suddenly mastered her emotions, seized the candle, and resolutely went out to the front door. The stranger was gone, and she banged the door to exultingly. But suddenly reflecting that she might be as likely to shut him in as out, she opened the door again, and carefully examined the broad slab for traces of his retreating footsteps. The snow had fallen since dusk, and lay several inches thick upon the ground, but what was her amazement when, neither on the slabs, nor on the steps, nor on the garden path down to the gate, could she trace the faintest vestige of a human foot print, either approaching or quitting the house. With no very agreeable sensations she retreated within doors, and locked, and bolted, and barred, and chained the door behind her.

"Where have you been?" asked Mr. Spicer, in a faint voice, as though he had just recovered from a trance.

"I've been looking for the strange gentleman," said Hannah.

"Oh! is he gone then?" said her master, breathing more freely.

"Yes, sir—he ain't here now," she replied. "But don't you think he must be mad, sir, to go on so, coming and ringing, and running away again, and carrying his shoes in his hand all the time?"

"There's no doubt of it," he replied, adding, with a timid glance round the room, "there's no doubt there must be something not quite right about him. And now, Hannah, I should like a glass of brandy-and-water; and you, too, Hannah, you had better have a glass too."

Hannah was thunderstruck—and well she might be. It was seldom that her master indulged himself in such a luxury; but never during the whole period of her service had he given her anything stronger than the thin ale which was their ordinary beverage. The madness seemed to be taking an infectious form; but it was one that was highly agreeable to herself in the present instance, and she hastened to obey her master's orders.

"Sit down, Hannah, sit nown," said Mr. Spicer, as he mixed his tumblerful of "nervo-electric fluid," which is probably the scientific name for what sailors call "grog." "There is no need to waste fuel and candle; so, bye-the-bye, run first and rake out the kitchen fire, and then sit here while you drink your spirit and water."

Now it happened that Hannah, with the watchful cunning of her tribe, had kept an observant eye upon the tide in the brandy bottle, with a view to ascertaining how much stronger her master made his own glass than he did hers; and when she returned from her mission she remarked not only that the bottle had been moved, but that the tide had ebbed considerably. Whither it had flowed, the darkened color in Mr. Spicer's glass informed her. However, she knew the meaning of "Dutch Courage."

When she had finished her own moderate portion, Hannah lighted her candle, and wished her master good night, but he seemed in no mood to let her depart, even offering her another glass to bribe her to remain. Such conduct on the part of a bachelor master might well have aroused the virtuous fears of an unprotected damsel; but there was something so utterly unamorous in Mr. Spicer's deportment, that the barest idea of such peril never entered poor Hannah's head. Nevertheless, had she known how to play her cards on that occasion, she might have become Mrs. Spicer on the morrow. As it was, she gave way to a fit of ill-temper, and went to bed.

The following morning Mr. Spicer had carpenters at work, putting up doors to both his coal cellars, and in that beneath the office he also ordered a patent lock to be fixed. While the work proceeded he was constantly running up and down to watch its progress. On his last visit he saw a "cross of bloody red" marked on the yet unpainted wood.

"What is this?" he inquired, anxiously. "Who has done this?"

"Shure, and it's meself, your honor," said the Irish laborer.

"What did you do it for?" demanded Mr. Spicer.

"Och! Bedad! and it was just bekase I cut me thumb wid this knife that I found there, and so I made it wid the blood ov me, just to bring good luck upon the treasure."

"What treasure, you blockhead? What do you mean?" said Mr. Spicer.

"Sure, thin, and does any man put on an iligant lock like that same," pointing to the Bramah, "just to keep a few sacks of cowls safe and sound? It's not meself would be aither believin that, if the Mayor swure it."

"Yes, yes, I shall want the place for other purposes when the coals are out," stammered Mr. Spicer, "but you are mistaken about the locks. The other is the best of the two, I fancy, though they are neither of them first rate."

"Just as your honor plases," said the compliant Pat; and away he marched with his tools, casting back from the dark staircase a leering grin of such cunning, as would have made the respectable Mr. Spicer feel very uncomfortable if he had seen it.

Evening came, and Mr. Spicer was restless and nervous. Nine o clock struck, and, when another half-hour had nearly elapsed, he went into the kitchen, and set the clock right, and asked many frivolous and unconnected questions, as if on purpose to "make talk," as Hannah observed to herself. Exactly at the half hour he was interrupted by a loud ring at the bell.

"Drat that bell!" muttered Hannah, as she took up her candle and went out.

Mr. Spicer heard her take the precaution of putting up the chain before she opened the door, and demanded who was there. No answer was audible, but an instant after she uttered a loud shriek, and the sound of a heavy fall, accompanied by the clatter of the candlestick upon the stone floor, intimated either that she had been struck down, or had fallen in a fit.

Pale as a corpse Mr. Spicer emerged from the kitchen, looking round him at every step, as though he feared a sudden attack from a concealed enemy. Slowly he approached the prostrate form of the servant, who, as he came near, began to recover her senses. She raised herself into a sitting posture, and looked round her, shuddering.

"Did you see him?" she asked.

"See him? No. See who?" Mr. Spicer began, in a nervous, jerking manner.

"The man in the gray coat, with his shoes in his hand," said Hannah, making an effort to collect herself; "and why should he always carry his shoes in his hand, instead of on his feet? And they are the very shoes I saw that night on this here mat," she added, in a tone too low to be heard by her master.

"Where is he then?" asked Mr. Spicer, casting a hasty glance in all directions.

"That's more than I can answer for," replied Hannah, regaining her feet, though her knees trembled so that she could scarcely stand, "All I know is that I shall leave this house to night. I would not stay in it for another blessed minute. To squeeze himself in past the chain in that way and go right down the cellar stairs! I wouldn't stop another night in this house for twenty five dollars!"

"But what shall I do, Hannah?" demanded Mr. Spicer, humbly; "you don't think of me."

"Everybody must think for themselves, sir," replied Hannah, resolutely.

"Take a drop of brandy, Hannah," said her master, pouring out a small glassful with a trembling hand. "And come in and sit down, Hannah, and let us talk over this business. Don't be in a hurry, Hannah. Do nothing rashly. Drink the brandy first, and then consider what you had better do."

"It won't take no considering, sir," replied Hannah, gulping down the dram. "I've made up my mind about it."

"But you would stop another night for twenty-five dollars, Hannah, wouldn't you?" said Mr. Spicer, with a sort of ghastly facetiousness, as he saw the color returning to her face.

"There is no fear of my having the chance of refusing it, sir."

"There it is, Hannah, if you will stop."

"Lawks ha mercy, you don't say so! Let met see." A close inspection showed her that it in reality was a check for twenty five dollars. "And you mean to say you'll give me this if I stop one night longer!" she almost shrieked out, so great was her amazement.

"I do say so," he replied.

"And you are serious?" she asked.

"Quite serious," he replied. "The fact is, Hannah, that I have particular reasons for wishing not to be left alone all night."

"Yes, sir," said Hannah, glancing nervously round, and laying the check upon the table.

"I am subject to a disease of the heart, Hannah."

Here he was interrupted by the slamming of the front door, which had been left open, though secured by the chain, and the wind whistled through the passage, sounded awfully like a hoarse voice that whispered, "That's false."

Hannah started up with a scream, exclaiming:

"Ah! who's that?"

"It's only the wind blowing the door to—don't you remember you left it open?" said Mr. Spicer, more frightened than herself, though he strove to keep up some show of bravery, which was belied by his chattering teeth. "Go and see that it is safely fastened; and, as you are so nervous, I'll go with you."

Hannah's nervousness furnished him with an excuse for accompanying her into the kitchen when she went to shut up for the night, and also for proposing that she should sit up with him in the parlor instead of going to bed.

She was nothing loth to agree to this arrangement, for she already began to feel that the twenty-five dollars was dearly earned. A glass of hot brandy and water inspired her with fresh courage, and she was beginning

to feel almost comfortable, and even Mr. Spicer's visage was losing somewhat of its acute anxiety blended with terror, when a fresh cause of alarm occurred. This was a measured thump, thump, thump, down the cellar stairs.

"Oh, goodness gracious! what's that?" cried Hannah.

"It's—it's—it's the rats," said her master "I often hear them; they plague me dreadfully sometimes."

Again the wind whistled through the keyhole, and again it sounded like a hoarse whisper of 'That's false!"

At least so it sounded to Mr. Spicer; but Hannah, believing in rats got up and opened the door, the better to hear their performance.

But as quickly she banged it close again and locked it, exclaiming:

"Oh! there's the shoes!"

"Shoes! what shoes? what do you mean?" cried Mr. Spicer, starting up, but dropping back into his chair again; for his trembling knees refused to support him.

"Why the shoes he always carries in his hand—there they stand upon the mat, just as——" but suddenly recollecting herself she broke off before betraying that she had acted the spy on the occasion of the mysterious stranger's first visit.

"It must have been your fancy, Hannah, or perhaps it was a cat. However, keep the door locked, and then you'll feel safe. Oh! my poor heart! I fear I am going to have an attack," he continued, pressing his hand to his side. "Give me a little more brandy, Hannah; perhaps it will keep it off."

While she mixed another strong tumblerful for her master, Hannah made no scruple in helping herself to a similar one

He anxiously watched her, but dared not say a word, lest she should immediately take her departure.

So the night wore away, and morning found them both half asleep, and in that uncomfortable state commonly called muzziness. But both retained a vivid recollection of the occurrences of the past night.

Immediately after taking a cup of strong tea, Mr. Spicer dressed himself with unusual care, and went out

Now it so happened that there lived about half a mile from Mr. Spicer's a maiden lady of fifty, who rejoiced in the name of Miss Betsy Smith. She was a woman of remarkably strong mind and decided character, who was known to have, on one occasion, routed two burglars who had broken into her house, sending one off with a pistol ball in his shoulder, and knocking down and pinioning the other till assistance arrived.

It was to the abode of this resolute spinster that Mr. Spicer bent his steps. He was shown into the parlor, where the lady immediately presented herself, being far above the feminine weakness of stopping to pull out her curlpapers.

"Miss Smith," said Mr. Spicer, without further preamble, "I am come to propose to you a matter of business."

"Name it, sir," said she.

"I intend to marry, and that this very day. Will you be Mrs. Spicer?"

"What settlements do you propose?" she asked.

"Your own property entirely to yourself—a thousand a year for pin money, and all that I possess, at my death"

"Your own property is considerable," said Miss Smith, "make the pin-money two thousand."

"As you wish. It shall be so," interrupted the bridegroom expectant, with an eagerness that was not, if its cause were known, so flattering to the bride as it appeared.

"Then I'll do it," replied Miss Smith, with as much coolness and promptitude as though she were taking a bet on a horse-race.

Between two such decided and business like people no time nor words were wasted. It was then nine o'clock Before twelve they were married by license, and Mrs. Spicer entered upon her new abode with the quiet self-possession of a person who is merely changing lodgings

The departure of the astounded Hannah afforded an opportunity for the introduction of her own servant, and the whole of the alterations and arrangements were effected with the mechanical precision of clockwork.

The dreadful hour of half-past nine went by without the accustomed visitor, and Mr. Spicer rejoiced in the promptitude of his measures, and their triumphant success.

Time rolled on, until it wanted only a month to the anniversary of his marriage, and Mr. Spicer had not once repeated it, notwithstanding the warning of the proverb, which says, "Marry in haste and repent at leisure." It is true that he was slightly henpecked, poor man; at least it was said so in the town; but Mrs. Spicer was a wonderful manager in household affairs and that in the eyes of some men, is the highest quality that a woman can possess. And Mr. Spicer meekly submitted to be governed, and cared very little for what the rumors of the town said about him. Had he been aware of some other reports which were current at various times, he would not have taken it so philosophically. The first of these, which without much trouble might have been traced to his former servant Hannah, was that he had a treasure of a fabulous amount concealed in one of his coal cellars.

When this report had circulated, chiefly among the lower orders, till it was beginning to die a natural death for want of confirmation or contradiction, another and darker story began to be whispered about, to the effect that it was no treasure, but the corpse of a man that was buried in Mr. Spicer's cellar.

Where this rumor had its origin it was more difficult to trace; but some said they had it from an Irish laborer of indifferent character, who had been hanging about the town, out of work, for some months, and suddenly left it during a short absence of Mr. Spicer from home. This was the first time that Mr. Spicer had been away even for a single night for nearly a year, and soon after he returned he went down to the cellars to inspect his stock of coals. When he came up again, he staggered into the parlor, and fell down in a swoon with the Bramah key tightly clutched in his hand.

Mrs Spicer energetically administered restoratives until he showed signs of recovery; but his strength seemed completely gone. With a weak and broken voice he requested her to order immediately three tons of coal, and fell back in another fainting fit. She sent for a doctor, who talked of a severe shock to the nervous system, and ordered him to be put to bed.

Mr. Spicer offered no opposition to this mandate, but crawled, with the support of his wife's muscular arm, upstairs to his bedroom.

In half an hour the doctor came again, for the case puzzled him. He must not be left alone, he said, after observing a wild, restless anxiety in the patient's eye; and taking Mrs. Spicer aside, he inquired whether she had remarked in her husband's manner of conversation any symptoms of delirium or insanity.

"One very strong symptom," was the reply of that matter of fact lady; he "asked me to order in three tons of coal, when there's enough in the cellar to last six weeks with proper care. At this time of the year, too! with coals at six dollars the ton! I should think that was a proof that he's not quite right in his head."

The doctor, who well knew Mr. Spicer's penurious habits, fully agreed in this opinion, and prescribed according. The next day he pronounced the disease to be a low nervous fever, and proceeded, in accordance with the good old rule of medicine, to blister and starve, and reduce him in every possible way; and he not having a constitution strong enough to resist the attacks of both the disease and the doctor, became rapidly worse.

There were pills and draughts to reduce the already enfeebled brain to delirium, and then opiates to keep him quiet; calomel also, of course, in judicious doses; and altogether he was in a fair way of doing well—for the undertaker.

It was during a stupor, induced by narcotics, that Mr Spicer conceived the idea of satisfying her curiosity respecting that Bramah key which he kept under his pillow, and which, she knew, belonged to that mysterious cellar into which she had never been able to get a peep. Even in his sleep he sometimes felt if his key was safe; so she substituted another as nearly resembling it in form and size as possible, and summoning Sally she set off on an exploring expedition.

She found nothing but a large quantity of coals spread all over the floor, and one bar of the grated window, which had been cut through or eaten away by rust.

Though her curiosity received a check, her avarice was amply satisfied. The increased consumption of fuel entailed by Mr. Spicer's illness had been a source of much vexation to her, as it threatened to necessitate the purchase of coals when they were a few cents dearer than they would be in a month or so. Here, however, was an ample supply for some time longer, and she retired in a wonderfully good humor.

When, on the following morning, her husband anxiously asked whether she had ordered the coals, and if they had been sent, she replied that they were all right, having come yesterday while he was asleep.

The next week she began to use the coals in the locked up cellar, and though Sally insisted that there was a nasty smell in them, they did not burn blue, nor seem in any way different from other coals.

The year was again drawing to a close. It was the very same evening of the month as that on which we were first introduced to Mr. Spicer, when at half past nine o'clock the whole house resounded with the clatter of the street door bell, violently pulled.

Mr Spicer started up in bed, wildly demanding to be told who it was; but when his wife moved towards the door for the purpose of satisfying his curiosity, he shrieked to her not to leave him alone, and would not be pacified till he had hold of her hand, when he lay down from sheer prostration, bathed in clammy sweats, and trembling till the bed shook beneath him,

"It's a strange gentleman to see master," said Hannah's successor, coming into the room. "I told him master was ill in bed, and he says he'll call again."

"Didn't you ask him his name?" inquired her mistress.

"Yes, ma'am. But he said master would know who he was."

"What sort of person was he?" demanded Mr. Spicer.

"A short gentleman, sir, dressed in a gray coat, and——"

But here she stopped, for her master shuddered violently, and buried his head under the bed clothes.

Mrs. Spicer reflected for one moment. To a woman of her determined character this was ample time to decide upon a line of conduct.

Sally nodded acquiescence, and departed. The opportunity occurred the following night.

The bell was muffled, but it jumped about like anything mad at half past nine o'clock; and when Sally opened the front door she saw, as she had expected, the short gentleman in the gray coat.

"Mr. Spicer at home?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir, but he's not up yet; but if you will step in, missis will speak to you, sir."

As he walked into the parlor she remarked that he had about him an unpleasant musty odor, just like what she complained of in the coals

At the preconcerted signal Mrs. Spicer went down, and found the stranger waiting her arrival.

"Mr. Spicer is too ill to see any strangers, sir," she said; "but if you will tell me your business, I will communicate it to him."

"I am not a stranger," replied the other in a gloomy tone; "I am his sister's son. I went to California and accumulated a fortune. It is a year since I returned to my native State, and he knows my business Tell him I will come for him to-morrow at this hour."

"It would be useless," said Mrs. Spicer "He cannot go with you, for he is unable to leave his bed."

"Nevertheless I shall come for him," said the man in gray, "and notice what I say, he will certainly see me You will understand what I now say when the time comes; and in that iron safe, and in the cellar beneath this room, you will find the solution of the mystery."

He quitted the room as he spoke, leaving her mute with astonishment. But when she followed him to the door her amazement was increased by her fancying that he had left his shoes upon the mat, and was making his exit down the cellar stairs, along which he seemed to proceed in some mysterious manner, bumping on every step as though he were being dragged unresistingly down by the heels.

Convinced that he was deranged, she hastily bolted the door on the top of the stairs, intending to summon the aid of the police to secure him; but when she saw that the shoes were not on the mat, she altered her mind, and with a spirit much subdued, retraced her steps to her husband's side

It is not to be supposed that she gave Sally the faintest hint of what had taken place during her interview with the stranger, being quite convinced that that trusty attendant's vows of fealty would be as flax in the flame, before such a story, and she had no inclination to be left alone in the house with a probably dying man, and what other company she did not like to think of.

The next night, at nine o'clock, the doctor was sent for in a hurry. Mr. Spicer was much worse. He came and pronounced that he was dying

Half an hour afterwards, as Sally was in the kitchen, whither she had been sent to fetch something that was required, the door bell was pulled so violently that it broke and fell to the floor. The hurry was too urgent for her to open it, but she whispered softly to her mistress:

"There's that bell a ringing again like anything. I must go and answer it"

"Stop! I'll answer it!" said Mr. Spicer, in a loud firm voice

He sat upright for a moment, then fell back—dead.

When Sally opened the front door she found nobody there, which did not surprise her, as they might well be tired of waiting so long.

Nothing more was seen of the short gentleman in gray, but when the cellar was emptied, a trap door was disclosed, communicating with a large disused drain or water tank; and in this, bundled neck and heels, was the body of a short man dressed in gray, with his shoes beside him as though they had been pushed in afterwards.

An inquest was held in due course, and several surgeons gave their opinion about the cause of death; but as no external marks of violence, and no internal traces of poison could be discovered, owing to the advanced stage of decomposition, they could throw but little light on the cause of death.

By some strange oversight, Hannah's evidence was not called for, and though one or two obstinate jurymen, men well known for their democratic and levelling opinions persisted in asking awkward questions about Mr Spicer, they were quickly snubbed, and put down for daring to impugn such a highly respectable man—a man who had died worth nearly two hundred thousand dollars! And so the nameless body was consigned to its nameless grave.

Mrs. Spicer kept wisely silent about what she knew, whether from the words of the mysterious visitor, or the mute evidence contained in the iron safe, viz, a letter from California, whose signature corresponded with the yet distinguishable initials on the dead man's linen—notes and bills, and a bag of Californian gold, and an empty bottle labelled "Prussic acid—Poison."

She did not, however, continue to live in her late husband's house, preferring her former abode which she had occupied as Miss Smith

To everybody surprise, she shortly afterwards endowed a charity with half the money that her husband had bequeathed to her

Not being able to discover a better reason for this apparently inexplicable conduct people were kind enough to call it ostentation.

Mrs. Spicer took no heed of these gossips. Though a masculine and avaricious, she was a just woman, and doubtless had good reasons for what she did.

FACTS ABOUT COMETS.

THE dimensions of comets are accurately ascertained by a process known as a micrometric measurement. By this measurement the great Comet of 1811, supposed to move round the sun once in about three thousand years, had a head one million two hundred and seventy thousand miles in diameter, with a nucleus in the centre of about two thousand six hundred and forty miles in diameter, and a tail one hundred miles in length. It is now generally believed by astronomers that comets are composed of gaseous vapor, extremely thin and without any sensible weight. Stars have been seen shining through with undiminished lustre, which a slight fog would entirely hide from view; and all comets can be compressed into a space no larger than a walnut; and, if one of them should happen to strike the earth, it would be no more destructive to it than a jelly-fish to an ocean steamer. Yet these harmless, vapory visitors are the divinely appointed agents, as some would fain have us believe, to destroy the world. The appearance of comets, from time immemorial, has been the occasion of much superstitious fear and the cause of much unhappiness. In the year 1713 the Rev. Mr. Whiston, a famous writer, somewhat learned in astronomy, having calculated the return of a comet, on Wednesday, the fourteenth of October, at five minutes after five o'clock in the morning, notice of it to the public, with this terrifying addition—that a total destruction of the world by fire would take place on the following Friday. The reputation which he long maintained, both as a divine and philosopher, left little or no doubt with the people of the truth of his prediction. Several ludicrous events followed. A number of persons, in and about London, seized all the barges and boats which they could find on the Thames, very rationally concluding that, when the conflagration took place, there would be greater safety on the water. A gentleman who had neglected family prayers fro more than five years, informed his wife that it was his determination to resume that incumbent duty that same evening. The South Sea stock immediately fell to five per cent., and some other stocks to eleven per cent. The captain of a Dutch ship, with that excessive prudence characteristic of the Dutch, threw all his gunpowder into the river, that his ship might not be endangered by it The next morning the comet came as predicted, and before noon, the belief was universal that the day of judgment was at hand. One hundred and thirty three clergymen petitioned the Archbishop that a short prayer might be written and ordered, suitable for the occasion, as there were none in the Church service. Three maids of honor burnt their collections of novels and plays, and bought, each of them, a Bible and Bishop Taylor's "Holy Living and Dying" The run upon the Bank of England was so great, that all hands were employed from morning till night in changing notes and handing out specie. On Thursday morning more than seven thousand marriages were legally solemnized in different churches; and to crown this ridiculous farce, Sir Gilbert Heathcote, at the time head director of the Bank of England, issued orders to all the fire companies of London, "to keep a good lookout, and have a particular eye on the Bank."

THE DUTY OF LIFE.—He is at once the greater and better man who can lead the higher life of contemplation in the midst of cities. "Repose!" said Arnauld to his friend Nicole, who sought to fly from the battle of life—and the words come to us like the voice of a trumpet sounding to arms—"Repose! Won't you have the whole of eternity to rest in?" This is a world of toil and battle; our life is a march. The battle after all is but brief, the march not long; and it behooves us to take our part in the brunt of the battle and not shirk the toil we are called upon to bear. M S.

ECCENTRIC BONNETS:—Some highly eccentric bonnets are reported from Paris this season There is the "Stewpan," adorned with a garland of spring verdure, the "Scullion's Pie," the "Extinguisher," usually smothered in poppies and very pointed in shape, the "Restoration Calash," a copy of the old style, and the "Learned Dog" bonnet.

A Strange Dream.

BY W. D. M.

IT was a beautiful night in the English summer.

In a London mansion, many years ago, a gentleman retired to bed at an unusual hour, but was for some time affected with great restlessless.

From his window he looked up at the bright array of countless stars, and a soft breeze floated into the room. Still the gentleman could not sleep.

He was an officer of the Government holding the position of Under-Secretary of State, and a man of the most regular habits.

"Well, well," he murmured, tossing impatiently from side to side of the bed, "this is very strange. I am usually a good sleeper but to night I cannot close my eyes. My conscience is clean—and yet here I am, like bad Macbeth, denied my sleep."

He lay for a moment with his eyes wide open, and then, as if for a mere change and occupation for his thoughts, repeats Shakspeare's lines on sleep

Still he tossed, and he heard the church clocks strike one o'clock and then two in the morning.

"I've half a mind," he exclaimed, "to get up and go down to the Home Office. Evidently some mischievous angel, or demon, does not intend that I shall get any rest here!"

Tired nature, however, began to sink under these prolonged sufferings, and, as is often the case, sleep came suddenly.

It was light, unrefreshing, and of short duration. The sleeper turned and twisted his body, he threw his arms about, occasionally muttering a few words:

"Home Office—desk—life or death—wake up—wake up."

He now sprang bolt upright in the bed, and rubbed his eyes. At the same moment the clock struck.

"Why," he said, "it's only three o'clock! I heard two, and so have slept but a short time. But I've had a dream. I saw a figure stand before me, which said, 'Wake up, wake up! Go to the Home Office! Quick—it is life or death!' Its face looked a piteous appeal to me. I cannot relieve my mind of the impression. I don't know what all this means, but I'll dress and go to the office."

In a short time he went forth into the street, and strolled almost in the direction of the Home Office. A strange and irresistible influence drew him in that direction; but at the same time he would not admit even to himself that he was following anything more than the force of daily habit.

Reaching the building, he went directly to his private room. His eyes turned to his desk, and the only thing he noticed was a memorandum book, which rather unaccountably was open.

Glancing at the page, he read aloud these words:

"A reprieve to be sent to coiners, ordered for execution at York."

He was at once seized with a nervous uneasiness.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "this thing is getting interesting. Here I am out of my bed and down here at this hour; and the first thing that meets my eye is that entry in regard to those condemned criminals. I have done my part of the work, but how do I know that this reprieve has gone to York? It should have gone in the usual routine of the office, but I do not know it as a fact. Really, I begin to think this night's business means something. At all events, I'll go to the house of the chief clerk, and set my mind at rest."

He hurried away. His steps were now quicker, and he was thoroughly absorbed in the matter.

Rousing up the chief clerk, he was informed by this person that the respite had been sent to the chief clerk of the Crown Papers, whose business it was to forward it to York.

"But have you the receipt and certificate that it is gone?" inquired the Under Secretary.

"No."

"Then let us go at once to his house—I believe it is in Chancery Lane—and see about it."

They started off. The morning was now advancing, and the Under-Secretary began to feel that there must certainly be something wrong. Keeping his thoughts to himself, he devoted himself to hastening his companion.

Reaching the house of the chief clerk of the Crown Papers, they found him in the act of stepping into his phaeton for a country holiday.

"Did you send the reprieve to the coiners at York?" demanded the Under Secretary, almost breathlessly.

The chief clerk turned pale, and replied:

"Great Heaven! can it be possible? I have forgotten it, and left it locked up in my desk!"

The excitement created in all parties by this revelation was very great.

"This is terrible," cried the Under-Secretary. "Nothing but a fleet express can save the lives of these men."

"I hope that it may be ordered," said the chief clerk of the Crown Papers.

"You have my authority for it. See that the respite is sent off without the delay of an instant."

Thus instructed, the chief clerk drove away in his phaeton.

"Taken altogether," said the Under-Secretary to his companion, as they moved away, "this affair is most mysterious and impressive. If the lives of these men are saved, it will be through the means of a dream, which forced me from my bed last night to the Home Office, where my attention was arrested by the entry in my memorandum book in regard to this reprieve. I will relate all the circumstances to you, and from this hour I shall believe in the influence of dreams."

The sequel may be soon told. Preparations for the execution of the criminals were made, and, as an expected reprieve did not arrive, it was announced to them that the hour of death was at hand. By this time the reprieve was on its way by express. The time was short, and the slightest delay or accident would prevent the distance being overcome before the execution.

The criminals were led from the prison, and were now in the act of mounting the cart to convey them to the scene of the last act.

At this moment the express arrived, and the cry went up:

"A reprieve—a reprieve!"

When the singular facts in the case became publicly known, they caused a most profound impression throughout the whole country, and led to such investigations that the men had their sentence commuted to imprisonment for life.

New Publications.

Castle Foam; or, The Heir of Meerschaum, is the somewhat mystifying title of a novel by H. W. French. Its scenes proper cover a little more than the first quarter of the present century, which were stirring and exciting times in Russia. The tale is crowded full of adventure; the plot is exceedingly intricate, and it is impossible to anticipate its full revealment until it is reached. A good insight is given into Russian society in those turbulent times, and there is some powerful character drawing. The characters are all Russians and Danes, but they are of tropical temper; and as the author has evidently traveled in the countries he incidentally describes, vividness of reality enhances the interest of his story. Published by Lee & Shephard, and for sale by Lippincott & Co. Price, $1 50.

A new addition to Appleton's very popular Handy Series is Vivian, the Beauty; by Mrs. Annie Edwardes It is based upon the present adulation shown to the "professional beauties," about whom, apparently, without any personal offending on their part, there has lately been much excitement in that condition of upper tendom called London society. It is rather in the nature of a satire, and, like all of this talented lady's works, is well worth reading. Received from Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger

Through Winding Ways, by Ellen W. Olney, which ran as a very acceptable serial in Lippincott's Magazine, and which exhibits decided superiority in incident, passion and character drawing, is now issued in book form. To those who have read it in the pages of the Magazine we need not commend this tale, seeing that they have met it month after month for some time; but we can, and do, heartily praise it to the public at large, as being of far more than average merit, and one well worth a perusal. Published and for sale by Lippincott & Co.

A Fool's Errand, by One of the Fools, although his name is not stated, is a book about the South. It is not one of the numerous "stories of the war," whose brief day is over, but a story which has the air of probability and truth, exhibiting all classes in the South as they have been in the fifteen years which have passed since the civil war was closed. This book is well written, and probably consists of actual experiences All classes, from the highest to the lowest, figure in it; the native Southron, the poor white, the white carpet bagger, the old unioner, the freedman, the kin klux—the social, moral and political life of the South—are all drawn with a most keen and pathetic touch. It is a work that is almost certain to please readers of every kind. Fords, Howard & Hulbert, New York, publishers, and for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger Price, $1 50.

Irene, the Missionary, is an anonymous story treating of the life of a Christian young lady engaged in mission work in Syria, who finally discovers that her particular mission was to wed the man who loved her, and for whom she cared not a little. The tale is excellently told; and together with a very interesting plot and some absorbing incidents, is yet faithful in retaining the true Oriental coloring in everything pertaining to its material details. Roberts Bros., publishers. From Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger Price, $1 50.

The December issue of the Musical Folio contains a variety of new and popular pieces, among them are Little Alice the Begger Girl, a song and chorus, and a comic song, I say Cully, don't you Lose your Temper; Sounds from the Mountain Cave, a grand march by Charles D. Blake; and arrangement of the popular piece The Turkish Reveille, Fatinitza Trio march; Hallelujah! Christ is Born, a Chtistmas carol for 1879, by C. A. White; Shout the Glad Tidings, by J. L. Gilbert. The number also contains a variety of miscellaneous articles. Published by White, Smith & Co., of Boston.

Messrs. Lee & Shepard of Boston, have added to their series of superbly illustrated poems, Mrs. Hemans well known poem The Pilgrim Fathers, calling it The Breaking Waves Dashed High, which is the first line of the verses. It is exquisitely illustrated by Miss L. B. Humphrey in a variety of designs fully suggestive of its spirit. The poem is beautifully printed, and bound in a handsomely illustrated cover. It is one of the loveliest gift books of the season, and for sale at the low price of $1.50, by Lippincott.

Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co., of New York, have published under the title of Around the Yule Log, a charming book for the holiday season, and one which will find hosts of admirers among young people, to whom it seems especially dedicated, in giving the Doings of Five Boys and Five Girls on a Visit to the Sea at Christmas Tide, and introducing into the narrative a number of stories and ballads based upon some of the most striking incidents of American history up to the Revolutionary period. It is profusely illustrated and the narrative is full of adventurous incidents told in the happiest style. Even the cover is arrayed in the most tempting dress, and presents a brilliant array of crimson, gold, blue, orange and green. It is just the book for the children's Christmas fireside. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger. Price $1 50.

Adventures and Conquests of Magellen is the title of Mr. George M. Towle's third volume of his excellent series of Young Folks' Heroes of History, published by Messrs. Lee & Shepard, of Boston, Mass. The expedition is one of the most important incidents connected with the world's history, and as the author says "no voyage can be imagined into which every feature of romance, adventure and brilliant achievement could be connected as that of Magellan;" and his character and career are well-fitted to arouse the reader's admiration and interest. The story is told in the author's most graphic style, with a variety of good illustrations, and is one of the most interesting of a series admirably calculated to supply good healthy reading matter for boys, giving them abundance of thrilling incidents and adventures, in a form perfectly free from pernicious influence. For sale by Lippincott. Price $1.00.

MAGAZINES.

In the November number of the Leonard Scott Co's reprint of Blackwood's Magazine. The contents open with an interesting continuation of the serial Reata; the next article is entitled An American Princess, which gives some interesting extracts of the life and letters of Madame Bonaparte; this is followed by an article entitled Whig Reviewers as Painted by Themselves; an interesting paper on Syria, in which the Maronites are discussed; A Poor Devil, is the title of a short sketch; an interesting experience Among the Afghans, is related by A Surveyor; The Recess, which concludes the number, relates to the political condition of Europe as the result of the recess of Parliament. Received from and for sale by W. B. Zieber, of Phila.

The merry laughing face of St. Nicholas surrounded by a wreath of holly berries, illuminates the cover of the Christmas Number of the Magazine, which holds within its pages a charming holiday feast of good things for its little friends. The frontispiece is an exquisite picture by Kraus, entitled Making Mamma's Christmas Present, and Louisa M. Scott begins the list of lovely stories with Chapters I, and II, of her serial Jack and Gill with illustrations, especially notable in the contents is a graphically illustrated description of Telegraph Boys' by W. A. Sim. Edward Eggleston's Christmas play of Mother Goose and her family; Howard Pyles illustrated Fables; A poem by J. G. Whittier entitled Abram Morrison; Lucy Larcom's illustrated poem, The Mystery of the Seed; J. Estes Cooke's story about Paul and the Goblin with illustrations by Bensell; F. E. Throop's story, The Great Race with silhouette illustrations by Hopkins; A story illustrated by Sarah Winter Kellogg called The Beginning; A short sketch of the sculptor Thorvaldsen with illustrations of some of his pieces. The other contents are The Knight and the Page a poem by Martha C. Howe, illustrated by Mary Hallock Foote; Buday the Giant, An American King David Watching for an Otter; Christmas at Number One Cranlin Place; The Four Sunbeams, a poem, My Sunflower's Fan; How the Elephants Turned Back illustrated by Gustave Dore; The Little First Man and the Little First Woman, Chapters IV and VI of Stoddard's serial; Among The Lakes; The Story of Pegasus How Cruel is Fate a poem, The Strange adventures of a Wood sled illustrated by Sol Eytinge Jr., Dressing Mary Ann a jingle, illustrated by Addie Ledyard, How Joe Brought down the House, The Funny Mandarian, Chronicles of the Molboe; There are three illustrated jingles, I wish I knew my Letters well, Consider now a Painter Man, and There was an Old man of Cathay; Four exquisite full page pictures by Giacomelli with verses, and a variety of interesting puzzles and miscellany conclude the number which surpasses itself in its holiday attractions.

The following notable papers are to be found in the Leonard Scott Co.'s latest reprint of the Westminister Review; The Federation of the English Empire; The Law of Real Property; The Indian Meeting; Cavour and Lamarmora; The Bohemians and Slovaks; Prince Bismarck, Lord Brougham; India and our Colonial Empire, Contemporary Literature including Theology, Politics, Sociology, Voyages, Travels, Science, History, Biography, Belles Letters and Miscellany.

The December Popular Science Monthly has an excellent list of contents. E B. Tylor, the great English anthropologist, leads off with an article on Recent Anthropology, in which he carefully reviews the present state of knowledge on the subject of the antiquity of man. The fine researches of Crookes on Radiant Matter as a new state of matter, which fixed the attention of the Royal Society so intently, are brought to a close. The article is finely illustrated. But the most striking article of the number is the novel and original paper by Professor Joseph Le Conte on The Genesis of Sex. How sex primarily originated has always been an obscure, and indeed an impossible, question in physiology; but Professor Le Conte takes it up as a problem of evolution, and deals with it as falling under the general law of differentiation. The subject of Ocean Meteorology is pursued by Lieutenant Lyons, who gives a large amount of information regarding weather and navigation at sea. Dr D W. Dalby discourses of Rule-of-Hand and Second-Hand Knowledge. Dr. Mortimer Granville takes up brain-action in relation to education and the re-education of the adult brain, where its acquisitions have been temporarily lost. Brain-action is call nutrition and reproduction, and it is therefore the cells that have to be educated. These views are illustrated by Dr. Granville in a very clear and instructive manner. Professor E. G. Valle gives a curious chapter in the history of early arithmetic; and there is a discriminating and able criticism of Spencer's Data of Ethics, by Professor Bain. Professor Marsh's Saratoga address on History and Methods of Paleontological Discovery, is furnished, revised and with new notes, by the author. The Beginnings of Geographical Science, by George A. Jackson, is a very readable bit of scientific history. Proctor dilates on the Expected Meteoric Display; and there is a curious illustrated paper on Many-toed Horses. Dr Frederick Hoffman furnishes a sketch of Heinrich Wilhelm Dove, the late celebrated German meteorologist. The editor devotes two pungent editorials to Goldwin Smith's late manifesto on the break down of morality caused by evolution. It looks as if there was very little left of the historian's case. Smith accused the Chinese of having no real religion—of being a nation of positives; whereupon the editor of the Monthly makes inquiry into the state of morality in the celestial country, with rather striking

The December number of the Nursery which completes its thirteenth year, gives a variety of charming pictures, stories and verses to delight its little friends. It is so well calculated to take sunshine into every nursery, it should be one of its most constant visitors. Published by J. L Shorey of Boston.

Potter's American Monthly for December opens with an illustrated paper on Merry Christmas by Josie Keen John Thornton Wood writes about Libraries, with illustrations. Adelaide Stout contributes the poem Consider. The New Minister is continued by several chapters. Fred Colbert has a sketch of Emma Hart Willard and her works. W. H. Polk contributes the poem The Dial of Time, and Mrs Lucy Blum the poem The Old Year. Rev. William Hall describes Tokun, the residence of Hon. P. Goodman, Lenox, Mass The remainder of the contents are Aunt Eleanor's Tranformation, by Mary B. Wyllis; J. G Holland, by Mary Walsingham; Pinafore and Cupid, by Keziah Thelton; The Blue Gum, or Fever Tree, by T. S Sozinskey, M D.; Pansies in Midwinter, by George B Griffith, Chronicles from a Suburban Town, by C. H Wood; My Friend, by Leigh S North, Then and Now, by E L Bangs. Concluding with a variety of interesting departments.

FOR BRONCHIAL, ASTHMATIC, and Catarrhal Complaints, and Coughs and Colds, "Brown's Bronchial Troches" manifest remarkable curative properties. Imitations are offered for sale, many of which are injurious. The genuine "Brown's Bronchial Troches" are sold only in boxes.

Make a Note of This.

Prof Green a distinguished allopathic physician, wrote to the Medical Journal to the effect that after all other means had failed, he sent for the Kidney Cure (now Safe Kidney and Liver Cure), and to his astonishment it cured a serious case of Bright's Disease by administering it, and afterwards found it equally beneficial in other cases He advised his brother physicians to use it in preference to anything else for kidney disease.

Our Young Folks.

FREDDY'S BIRTHDAY.

BY PITKIN

IN a small chamber, into which the moon was peeping, lay two little people, having a serious talk all by themselves. These were Freddy and Janey Preston Freddy in his mite of a bed in one corner of the room, Janey in hers, with baby Annie aged two, sleeping as calmly by her side as if there were no grave question to be settled by her elders. The moon was a sensible listener, for she listened and listened, but spoke never a word.

"Well, Janey, granny said so, long ago; she said when I could write her a letter, she'd give me anything I asked, if 'twere possible—that is, if anything can be done without lots and lots of trouble," so spoke Freddy

"And do you think you can do it, Freddy—write a real nice letter, just like our schoolmaster, or anybody ever so wise?" questioned Janey the doubtful.

"To be sure I can—I shall be seven soon; 'cause you're in the pot hook and hanger class, you think I'm not any cleverer than you;" such was Freddy's reply.

"Oh, Freddy, I don't!" dissented Janey, "I think you're as wise as—as—as—granny herself"

"No, I'm not so wise as granny," said Freddy, solemnly "'cause I can't knit stockings, and make balls and ask folks to write letters—at least, I don't."

"And what will you write about? Thoughts kind a hop frog through my head, and I can't make them stay a minute," confessed poor little five-years-old Janey

"That's because you're a girl," affirmed Freddy, "but I have something in my brain; I'll ask granny to let me keep my birthday at her house—let us have a jolly party there, you know."

"Oh, Freddy, a picnic in the garden," suggested Janey. "It will be a splendid birthday!" and the little girl clapped her hands.

"The very thing, Janey; you are a sensible girl, and I was born in a sensible time, too just when the currants and strawberries are ripe; there couldn't be a better time for a birthday. I'll ask father to lend me his pen to write my letter, and now for what I'll put in it There isn't much time to do it in, only three days 'cause I'm give granny two days to get ready in"

"And——" began Janey

"Hush, I'm thinking!" ejaculated Freddy, so silence crept through the room, and soon that enemy to late study and pondering tiptoed after, kissing their drooping eyelids down, and soothing their active brains into forgetfulness before granny's letter was half composed.

The next day you may be sure, Freddy felt like a person of great importance, with a first letter to write, and a birthday drawing so very near You should have seen him after school, perched on the window seat, writing the said letter Janey holding the ink, and suggesting a word here and there, father's pen doing wonders and all the world going on as if no such great work were being done

It was finished at last, and on the morning of the third day away went the happy children to deliver the important missive in person; trust it to the post! Granny lived across the heathery common, in such a sunny house, where the crickets chirped, and granny's old cat frolicked and forgot she was not a kitten, she was so happy. And the garden—it was a delightful place! How the children's hearts throbbed as they scrambled among the heather, Freddy, with his letter in his pocket, feeling proud, hopeful, yet somewhat shy to be sure, while Janey smiled, and flitted here and there, picking a nosegay for granny.

They were soon there at granny's side, her knitting was laid down with a smile, such as only granny could smile, the letter was in her hand her dear old spectacled eyes were reading it, while Janey held her brother's hand in quiet sympathy, and Freddy looked serious, half pensive, and very important. As for pussy, she had a gambol all to herself, tossing granny's ball of worsted here and there, and thinking that where there was no greater fun in life This is what granny's spectacled eyes read

"DEAR GRANDMA.—I write this letter to you hoping it will find you well as it leaves me going to have a birthday in two days. Dear Grandma, now I have written my letter, will you give me anything that is possible, and let me keep it at your house—I mean my birthday—out in the garden as I think it would be jollier out there, and all the bees, and birds and butterflies would be there, and we should be so jolly I suppose we must all eight of us come and I should like to ask a few more boys and girls as they are like you, and your currants, and strawberries so much. Do say yes, dear grandma. I am writing with father's pen

FREDDY"

Granny, Freddy and Janey had a great hug all the way round when the letter was read, and granny issued her invitation, there and then, for a baker's dozen of young people to come on Freddy's birthday and picnic in her garden.

How well granny contrived that birthday tea out in the garden under the apple tree, how snowy was the cloth, what nice cake and bread and butter, what delicious strawberries, what sweet honey! And there it was, all ready for them, a baker's dozen of happy children, when they scampered in after their games among the heather. Granny's face was as sunshiny as theirs when the young things sat down, Freddy with his back to the tree and a wreath of flowers hanging above his head to mark him as the master of the feast. Oh, it was jolly, and no mistake!

But, lo! there at the gate was a shaggy head, a ragged jacket, and a little tweeting sound as of a fife growing old and weary of its own music.

"Oh! granny, there's a poor wandering boy with a fife, let us have a little music, please," spoke Freddy, the ready tongued

"Please," said the small musician at the gate

Granny's words went stealing down to him like the sound of silver bells: "Come in, little lad, and have some tea," whereupon the gate opened and in he came on his head, tripping out quite nimbly with his hands. You can imagine how the children laughed, and more than one cup of tea was overturned in the commotion

"Now, my boy, sit down," said granny, thinking somebody ought to keep order, so, with that, the small urchin tumbled over, and sat down on the grass as grave as a judge.

Then Freddy, as head of the feast, took him a plateful of cake and bread-and butter, and a cup of tea, which the small boy grasped and ate like a poor little hungry dog

Well, the feast went on, and at last everybody, even the little fifer, had had enough; but they did not troop out into the heather again; somebody proposed a dance in the wide garden walk—I think it was the little fifer himself—and in a moment the tweeting fife resounded, the young ones pared off, flitting here and there, up and down, in and out, with the red sunbeams flashing over their heads like the sprites of mirth The shadows fell, the moonbeams trembled, the wind sighed as if over somebody who was sad Was it the little fifer? Yes; tears were streaming down his cheeks, but neither the children or granny knew it, only the wind. The last dance came to a close, and the merry creatures grouped themselves round granny for a last word.

"Thank you, granny, for my very happy birthday," said Freddy, and granny stroked his head

"And we all thank you," came in a chorus from the others

"God bless you, children," replied Granny, and remember that life isn't all sunshine, but 'tis made up of two roads one leading to heaven the other to misery; and birthday are milestones which we set up as we walk along Set up your milestones in the way to heaven children, for the hardest way but the best, for the great Master has gone along it Himself, and is calling us to come after step by step in His footsteps, by being loving and gentle, pure and good, and at the end there will be one great glorious birthday for ever and ever. And now for paying the fifer," said sprightly granny, feeling her pocket for her purse.

They all looked round for the little stranger—he was gone; they heard the gate click but they could not find him Freddy and Janey wondered whether I understood about the two roads and knowing the Great Master, they hoped he did but never knew. Granny said it may have been bread cast on the waters to be found after many days; and that Freddy's first letter and birthday party may have been the means, blessed by God, of leading a little wanderer home. You may be sure that Freddy lay down to sleep that night with great thoughts in his mind

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No small measure of courage is required by the rheumatic or anæmic sufferer who, having been condemned by the faculty to take a series of mud baths at Franzenbad or Elster, finds himself for the first time in the presence of the remedy prescribed to him He contemplates with instinctive aversion what appears to be a huge puddle of black mud, to the surface of which incessantly rise thousands of tiny, unsavory bubbles Into this revolting mess he is told to plunge his nice, clean body; and as he does so the horrible idea suggests itself that he must acquire a tawny hue for life.

"This bill is spoiled," said a lady to a butcher's boy, who had presented "this bill" for the fifth time. "Yes, marm," replied the lad; "boss thought he would grease it to make it go easy with you."

"Nothing like a cheerful wife," some gentleman cries To a certain extent, but a fellow doesn't want a wife that is all the time anything at him, such a one would be too cheerful.

Lace handkerchiefs, edged with exquisite black thread lace instead of point, is considered the thing for ladies in half mourning

Cerebrations.

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EDILES
SECESH

No. 501. ANNOUNCE.

No. 502.
GROVEL
RACINE
OCKOLA
VIOLAS
ENLACE
LEASED

No. 503. NUMERICAL.
The WHOLE is a grandfather's grandfather.
The 1, 2, 5, 6 is a waiter.
The 3, 7, 4, 8 is otherwise
New Haven, Conn. O. POSSUM.

No. 504. SQUARE.
Though not romantic; ROM. ANTIQ. depicts,
My FIRST, an ax, tied up with flitches sticks
I'p, solver! SECOND! Let me know its name,
Add to your knowledge, while you spread your fame.
Tell me the ORIGIN of that strange word:
And all unconsciously you'll mention THIRD.
Don't be all day about it, but instead,
Be FOURTH, as old Polonius has said.
I cannot FIFTH the consequences, now
Which I have brought upon myself I vow.
But send me not to Crete, my brave Aegeus,
My eyes are SIXTH like Love's or Hartmann's.
San Francisco, Cal. PERCY VERE.

No. 505. CROSSWORD
In asking and basking,
In basking and asking,
In leaning and meaning,
In [illegible]
In [illegible]
In freezing and wheezing,
In skinning and skimming,
In skimming and skinning.
The TOTAL a poser you'll easily find
A name quite familiar to Funkedom's mind.
Oakland, Cal. HANNAH B. GAGE.

No. 506. HALF SQUARE.
A writing please trace, in the very FIRST place
That [illegible] on its the same letter,
The SECOND a metal, that's scaly and brittle,
[illegible]
A. Now you [illegible] letter, [illegible] barley water,
And a parish of England at best;
Your pleasure enhance with a small town of France
That will be of the FIFTH place possessed.
I'll say just for fun, that SIXTH is a run,
Literal, but not the less true:
Then SEVENTH, exist; while EIGHTH on the list,
Is one letter of many; adieu.
San Francisco, Cal. LIVE OAK.

No. 507. CHARADE.
When you are SECOND, pay THIRD FIRST
For medicine, and a well versed
M. D. call in. He will advise
Pure air. You'll visit WHOLE if wise.
Baltimore, Md. ARIAN.

No. 508. HOUR GLASS.
1. Brevity. 2. A street in the extremities of a town. 3. To melt. 4. A learned man. 5. The old plural for eye. 6. A letter. 7. A small house. 8. A money of account. 9. The shortening of a syllable. 10. The scarf worn by Israelites
CENTRALS:—One who hews stone.
DIAGONALS:—Conformity to truth and a cannon.
San Jose, Cal. NIC. O'DEMUS.

No. 509. DOUBLE CROSSWORDS.
In cash account but [illegible] dollar,
In pearl [illegible] but not in coral,
In spirit found but not in demon,
In [illegible] but not in woman,
In knowledge but not in drowning,
In [illegible] but not in browning,
In [illegible] but not boys and girls
Which is the last of Cleopatra's pearls.
A brave man never is my WHOLE,
'Tis only thou—the timid foot.
San Francisco, Cal. GOLDEN QUILL.

No. 510. PYRAMID.
A letter my first will reveal,
My SECOND if truth must be told
Is a cranium, a leaf, not of steel,
But of very fine silver or gold.
My THIRD is refreshed, or displayed,
Or exposed to the wind or the fire.
My FOURTH is an implement made,
Or that which is used. I desire
To call your attention to NEXT.
If in pathways of science you march
You will find if you study the text—
A substance resembling starch.
My SIXTH if you study the books,
Is defined as speeches or phrases.
Ideas and feelings and looks—
And more definitions embraces
My SEVENTH, this Pyramid's base,
The last of the words in position.
Shows legerdemain on its face
And the feats of the crafty magician.

Diagonals, left—you will find
Is an officer's badge that is worn;
And the right, denotes, void of design,
While my Centrals—intent, or quite warm.
San Francisco, Cal. J. C. M.

No. 511. ANAGRAM
BATTERY G, FOUGHT BEST, LET!
Gibson, Pa. ODOARER.

No. 512. DIAMOND.
(To stud.)
1. In Percy Vere that name renowned
Throughout the land, my FIRST is found.
2. That boy of Dickens', who would fail
To sleep so often, NEXT we'll call.
3. While the sun shone throughout the day
The toiling farmer THIRD his hay.
4. In castled fortresses of old
These gates with balances behold.
5. Short was the sentence spoke by one
Of the FIFTH mothers to her son
6. When he had SIXTH to take the field
'Twas "it, or on it," it—the shield.
7. Truth now seems shunned by great and small.
Now none are blessed in SEVENTH all.
8. EIGHTH are on nearly every tongue,
Among all people, old and young.
9. Some stepping stones for NINTH you'll find,
Of a Provincial English kind.
10. Without a TENTH we at a ball
Could have no merriment at all.
11. But at a ball in the quadrille
You may find LAST of your [illegible]
☞ Twenty-five cents for first solution
Santa Clara, Cal. COMET

No. 513. CHARADE.
In every country FIRST you'll see,
Else it would not a country be;
Would you futurity pursue
Perhaps my NEXT will tell it you.
My WHOLE has made his name resound,
Where lovers true of art are found.
Fort Clark, Texas. GAMMEW.

No. 514. COMPOUND SQUARES.
UPPER LEFT.
1. FIRST is to accompany
Maidens' to a company
2. Of a party SECOND then
I ask to trade [illegible]
3. Now a [illegible]
Or a town in Mexico
4. FOURTH is fashioned like an egg
Lay it quickly forth I beg
5. FIFTH is whisky plain as mud,
Or a fish—the English rudd.
6. SIXTH are tales, so reader dear
Canto first will finish here.
UPPER RIGHT.
1. This word need not be rehearsed.
'Twas the end of Canto first.
2. When a ship dismasted is,
You must ask SECOND her I wis.
3. To erect a fine; will be,
Definition number THREE.
4. FOURTH I hold sirs, "if you please,"
Is a certain skin disease.
5. FIFTH is—Reader don't get "rolled,"
But a small young codfish (broiled).
6. Are the iron Horses THREE
Though their mettle each one sees.
LOWER LEFT.
1. Customs please to designate
For the NEXT word on your plate.
2. Now to shock (it is always shocking
When we see a holey stocking).
3. Find a street or thoroughfare,
For the THIRD with little care,
4. If your parish pastor's poor
You will FOURTH him something sure.
5. FIFTH is cleansed. Washed all will do
For a definition too.
6. Ratio, Lexter, Accident
May be SIXTH, so let content.
LOWER RIGHT.
1. Repetition makes this plain,
For 'tis horses, once again.
2. Now a ring on saddles show
That the gig rein passes through.
3. Number THREE if turned around
Will a capstan then be found.
4. Here an instrument I show
Used in schools some years ago.
5. Thus I think your effort mocks
'Tis a stop in certain clocks.
6. SIXTH is wheres, moves, or goes,
Anon. Brothers, not as foes
San Francisco, Cal. KNO. K

ANSWERS NEXT WEEK.

PRIZES FOR SOLUTIONS.

1. The POST six months for FIRST COMPLETE list
2. The POST three months for NEXT BEST list.
3. Twenty-five Cents for first solution to No. 512.

SOLVERS.

Cerebrations of November 1st were solved by A. Solver, Odoarer, O Possum, Capt Cuttle, Percy Vere, Flewy Ann, Theron, Effendi, Grobrenuewj, Mrs. Nickleby, Peggotty, My Dot.

COMPLETE LISTS:—A Solver, Odoarer.

PRIZE WINNERS

1. A Solver. - - - Keeton, Ohio.
2. Odoarer. - - - Gibson, Pa.

ACCEPTED CONTRIBUTIONS.

Ben J Mix—Two Squares Peggotty Anagram Jo Jo coleas Octagon and Diamond. Odoarer Squares, Arc. Sandie—Crossword. Comus—Hour Glass. El Fen—Square

LITTLE LETTERS

CALIFORNIA FEATHERS Owing to the anticipated loss of our friend "Goose Quill," who will visit the Hawaiian Islands, we have decided to give extra in the second of Cerebrations this week. May you live long and happily, and remember now and then your friend WILKINS MICAWBER.

VILLAGE CHIMES.

BY A. E. W.

How sweetly rhyme the old church bells,
With fitful cadence soft and clear,
As heard afar their music swells
Upon the lonely wanderer's ear!

Now pealing like a hymn of praise,
Triumphant thro' the deep blue sky,
Now faltering as the breeze delays,
Like whispered prayer of infancy.

They seem to tell of home and rest,
Of gardens trim, and pleasant trees,
Of holiday and rural feast,
And household joy, and marriage fees.

They seem to tell of youthful mirth,
Of loitering sweet in alleys green,
Of sports at yule around the hearth,
When hearts grow warm, and winds blow keen.

* * * * And now, they toll in mournful chimes
The knell of friends long vanish'd hence,
Of ties long rent, of bygone times,
Of childhood's faith and innocence!

Of friends, perchance, with whom, as now,
He paused to hear those church bells' tone
Upon the green hill's sunny brow,
Where now he lingers, changed, alone!

They tell, as on the breeze they die,
Of hope, now lost, and peace within,
Of thoughts once turned to things on high,
Forgotten long in care and sin!

With plaintive voice they seem to say,
"Come back, belov'd, no more to roam!
Turn, wayward spirit gone astray!
Return, return, to heaven and home."

Ye old church bells, ye old church bells,
As sounds from far your cadence wild,
The wanderer's heart within him swells;
He turns and weeps—again a child!

FASHIONS A CENTURY AGO.

HOOPS, which had maintained their position during the previous part of the century, had begun to be relinquished for court or full dress, about the year 1772. Successor of the fardingale of Queen Elizabeth's reign, precursor of the crinoline of Queen Victoria's, it had exhibited its magnificent dimensions with intervals of partial disappearance for two generations, in despite of the satire of essayists and its own intrinsic inconvenience, but was at length doomed. And then, just as the ladies a few years ago, deprived of their exuberant skirts, adopted an enlargement of their headdresses, so did the belles of a century ago comb their hair over cushions at the top of their heads, and mountains of curls, powder, flowers, and feathers arose in splendor. What is now termed the panier was then styled the back hoop, and succeeded the great hoop, just as the panier has followed the crinoline; while the modern fichu appears to be an exact imitation of the snowy muslin coverings of the ladies' bosoms of the last century.

The caricaturists of the period libelled the headdresses by exhibiting pictures in which the long side curls were imitated by carrots similarly disposed, or by placing paroquets, complete with wings and tails, postchaises and horses, or similar devices, at the summits of the elevations. But the beaux of the period, and especially those termed the Macaroni, who appeared about a century ago, were not far behind the ladies in the exuberance of their headdresses. They wore wigs with lofty toupees in front and stiff curls at the side, accompanied by portentous pigtails, or the hair tied up in an immense lump behind. They rivalled the ladies, moreover, in the textures of their dresses; indeed, in the descriptions of the court balls of that time, the gentlemen's costumes are indulged with as elaborate a description as those of the ladies. On the King's birthday in June, 1777, the *robe de cour* is said to be still the reigning taste for ladies in the *beau monde*. Pea-green, violet, jonquil, pink and lemon, sky-blue, white and pearl, are the fashionable colors. The richest Brussels point and Mechlin laces were worn in caps and lappets, and a great quantity of flowers placed erect on the left side to supply the place of feathers, "which they wear in all places but the court." The gentlemen wore plain silks, with light embroidery trimmings of the same colors as the ladies' robes; and cloth of the same colors with fancy waistcoats in embroidery and tambour. Highly embellished steel swords, sometimes inlaid with gold, were worn with white scabbards; the elderly gentlemen and grave lawyers wearing gold hilts. "Intermixed gold and silver Artois buckles distinguished the beaux. Their hair and wigs had likewise only one sloping, by the *ton* called a languishing curl, on each side." The fashionable undress for the summer of 1777 is described as being—"For ladies the hair dressed with light yellowish powder, at top *a la herisson* (Anglice, in the manner of a hedgehog), at the sides one falling curl on the neck, with a straight ditto behind the ear; no caps, but a garland of flowers on the left side of the head; Circassian dresses of various colors, with green, white, or pale pink petticoats, crimped and tasselled sashes, and cuffs the same as the petticoats, crimped and tasselled sashes, and cuffs the same as the petticoats. Or Italian nightgowns, trimmed with gauze, and gauze aprons, with fancy petticoats, and French stuffed back hoops, silk shoes the color of the gown, and small gauze cloaks. For gentlemen: the coat with long skirts, narrow backs, close sleeves, half lappels, terminated by a tassel, large oval steel buttons, with a large black satin cape; the *culotte* black silk, or the same color as the coat, with fancy waistcoats of slight tissue. The head cropped close, with one slanting curl *en dishabille*; Artois silver knee and shoe buckles, from three to eleven ounces weight, and narrow made; low quartered shoes, French clocked stocking, and large hats."

Such was the costume in which the gentlemen figured in the days when Lord North was Prime Minister of England, and Sheridan produced his sparkling comedies of "The Rivals" and "School for Scandal"—when Lord Chatham delivered his grand and patriotic speeches, and ended his days in harness, in his scarlet and ermined robes as a peer of the realm in the House of Lords. Peers in those days habitually wore their robes in the House of Lords, and the Ministry always appeared in full dress in the House of Commons, though the party out of power appeared there in boots and spurs and riding coats.

In the following description of the ladies' undress for August, 1777, the truth of the saying that nothing is new under the sun will be seen in respect to the combination of walking parasol, which has lately come into use: "The ladies' fashion undress, commonly called a *dishabille*, to pay visits in the morning, also for walking in the country, on account of its being neat, light, and short, consists of a jacket, the front of which is made like a sultana; the back part is cut out in four pieces, the middle part is not wider at the bottom than about half an inch, the sides in proportion very narrow. The materials most in vogue are: white muslins with a colored printed border, chintz pattern, about an inch deep. The silks, which are chiefly lustring, are mostly trimmed with gauze. The gauze is puckered round the bottom of the jacket, and edged with different colored fringes. The petticoat is drawn up in a festoon, and tied with a true lover's knot and two tassels hanging down from each festoon. A short gauze apron, striped or figured, cut in three scollops at bottom, and trimmed round with a broad trimming closely plaited; the middle of the apron has three scollops reversed. The cuffs are puckered in the shape of a double pine, one in the front of the arm, the other behind, but the front rather lower. To complete this dress for summer walking the most elegant and delicate ladies carry a long Japanned walking cane, with an ivory hook head, and on the middle of the cane is fastened a silk umbrella, or what the French call a *parisol*, which defends them from the sun and slight showers of rain. It opens by a spring, and is pushed up towards the head of the cane when expanded for use. Hats, with feathers spread, chiefly made of chip, covered with fancy gauze puckered, variegated artificial flowers, bell tassels, and other decorations are worn large."

Grains of Gold.

To him that lives well every form of life is good.

One triumphs over a calumny only in scorning it.

The torment of envy is like a grain of sand in the eye.

Love is lowliness; on the wedding-ring sparkles no jewel.

Nothing is more dangerous than a friend without discretion.

It is not life to live for one's self alone. Let us help one another.

It will cost something to be religious; it will cost more not to be.

He who sees the end from the beginning will do only what is right.

Do not suffer life to stagnate; it will grow muddy for want of motion.

It requires less merit to discover the faults of others than to bear them.

To the blessed eternity itself there is no other handle than this instant.

Conscience is the voice of the soul; the passions are the voice of the body.

From indolence, despondency and indiscretion, may I specially be preserved.

The exhalation of talent as it is called, above religion, is the curse of the age.

Even gentleness can be acquired after a patient exercise of your better nature.

Work to day, for you know not how much you will be hindered to morrow.

Be the slave of the one who loves you, the master of the one who despises you.

We shall have peace just so long as we do our duty, in small things or in great

Clutch virtue as a precious jewel, and handle vice as you would a red-hot coal.

How can we expect a harvest of thought who have not had a seed time of character?

Modesty is to worth what shadows are in a painting; she gives to it strength and relief.

Prayer bridges the chasm of human need, and brings Divine help to suffering humanity.

It is good in a fever, and much better in anger, to have the tongue kept clean and smooth.

Do not intrude professional and other topics that the company generally cannot take an interest in.

Do not talk very loud. A firm, clear, distinct, yet mild, gentle and musical voice has great power.

There can scarcely be named one quality that is amiable in a woman that is not becoming in a man.

Taking a penny that does not belong to one, removes the barrier between integrity and rascality.

Do not be absent minded, requiring the speaker to repeat what has been said that you may understand.

Do not speak disrespectfully of personal appearance when any one present may have the same defects.

All virtue lies in the power of denying our own desires when reason does not authorize or sanction them.

Every man's work pursued steadily, tends to become an end of itself, and so to bridge over the loveless chasms of his life.

There is nowhere any apology for despondency. Always, there is life while life lasts, which rightly lived, implies a divine satisfaction.

A mountain is made up of atoms, and friendship of little matters, and if the atoms hold not together, the mountain is crumbled into dust.

Strength of resolution is, in itself, dominion and ability; and there is a seed of sovereignty in the bareness of unflinching determination.

Ballads are the gypsy children of song born under green hedgerows, in the leafy lanes and by-paths of literature, in the genial summer time.

If the Lord careth for thee, be thyself at rest; for if he care, why shouldst thou care too? His providence will provide if thou sincerely trust it.

Feelings come and go like light troops following the victory of the present; but principles, like troops of the line, are undisturbed and stand fast.

One quiet example of saintly living has more power in any church, or in any community, than the loudest talker there about entire consecration.

Be not diverted from your duty by any idle reflections the world may make upon you, for their censures are not in your power, and consequently should not be any part of your concern.

Femininities.

Women's writes—Postscrips.

Next to nothing—A girl with an average dandy.

Back yards—The trains of the ladies dresses.

Ex Queen Isabella is a practical photographer.

Feather trimmings are much used for ornamenting evening dresses.

Parisian milliners put six or seven rows of cord around plain felt hats

The ladies at Muscatine, Iowa, have already formed their leap year club.

The only housework that anmé girls do is when they begin to dust around after a beau.

Cause and effect.—The lady who made a dash has since brought her husband to a full stop.

Woman is the natural friend of man, and all other friendship is feeble or suspicious compared with it.

Women admire strength without seeking to imitate it; men, gentleness, without bestowing it in return.

A woman sculptor of Boston, Mass., Miss Anne Whitney, is to receive $4,500 for a statue of Samuel Adams.

Fashionable young ladies of London are studying the classics and philosophy, but play lawn tennis all the same.

"What do we owe to women!" rhapsodizes an unmarried essayist. Many of us owe her forty cents for our last week's washing.

You may as well buck a mule up against a beehive and tell him not to kick as to tell a woman about a wedding—and expect silence.

She flitted like a vision. She wouldn't have been in such a hurry only she had on that "hateful old dress" with the overskirt two seasons behind the style.

The young lady who aspires to be admitted to the ranks of the legal profession does not reflect that the gratification of her ambition would only make her a barmaid.

Experience teaches many things—prominent among which, to a man, is that it is safer to run your chances with a balky mule than dictate to a woman on wash day.

English brides are photographed immediately after the wedding ceremony before starting on their journey. A bright idea. They never look so pleasant and happy after their return.

An analyzing dame reports "that she had heard of but one old woman who kissed her cow; but she knows of many thousand of young ones who have kissed very great calves."

The Duchess of Montrose can milk a cow, and recently demonstrated the fact to the admiration of the men in her husband's racing stable, who were less learned in farmyard arts than she.

A Parisian dressmaker transforms walking costumes into evening dresses by means of a court train, which is made independently of the main garment, and is "attached to it at will under the puff."

Talk about a woman being at a loss for an expedient. She's never at a loss for anything but a man. If she's in a crowded street car and wants to scratch her head, she simply changes the location of a hairpin.

The last, and, it is to be hoped, the ugliest thing in bell bags is of yellow leather, outlined by a black leather horseshoe studded with yellow spots, simulating the nails by which the shoe is fastened to the horse's hoof. The lining of the bag reverses the colors of the outline.

Mme. Patterson-Bonaparte has said:—"Women in all countries have wonderful cunning in their intercourse with men. They succeed better in America because the men there are a century behind them in knowledge of human nature and instinct for their true interest."

Boston was probably the first city in the world where women began the study of medicine, and at the Medical University there they now have a lady demonstrator in anatomy; also three other ladies in the faculty, one who lectures on the diseases of women and the other on diseases of children.

The following code of signals is for girls: "A ring on the first finger denotes poverty and a willingness to get married; on the second finger, money and a disposition to listen, though nothing is promised; on the third finger, 'Already engaged, and so you needn't trouble yourself;' on the little finger, deliberating."

A philanthropic physician who has interested himself in the subject of employment for women writes:—"All women who have opened their hearts to me agree in affirming that they would, by preference, serve the male sex, inasmuch as women are, they assert, usually hard and unsympathetic in their relations with members of their own sisterhood.

Some day a woman of noble impulses and strong right arm will be granted to earth, and then the man who is in the habit of looking back over his shoulder at ladies he has passed on the street will try it once more and then quit, because the woman is born to hit him, and when she does it he will only be good for the doctors to practice on for the next six months.

It has at last become clear to the energetic women who are pressing the woman suffrage movement that it is not the men who most need to be converted to their doctrine but the ladies themselves on whom it is proposed to bestow "the freeman's privilege." The batteries of the suffrage propaganda must be turned now upon the gentler sex if the cause is to make progress.

It should be remembered that the name of the infant daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland is Maria Louisa Victoria Carolina Amelia Alexandra Augusta Frederica. It would be wrong to confuse her with her cousin Frederica Augusta Alexandra Amelia Carolina Victoria Louisa, or her second cousin Augusta Frederica Amelia Alexandra Carolina Louisa Victoria.

This is the season of the year that delights the heart of the sentimental maiden of thirty-five. Carefully cleaning the "wishbone" of the chicken, she places it over the sitting room door and awaits the advent of the first man who passes beneath it. He will be her future husband, if the old saying is true. She is a little frustrated when an old widower, with seven children, enters the door, but at her age, etc., etc.

Lucelia.

Fogs are mist before they are gone.

A lone man—The pawnbroker.

On the rail—A scolding woman.

Weather report—A clap of thunder.

A revenue cutter—Ye clipper of coupons.

Bunions give the feet a knobby appearance.

What goes and stands without legs? A clock.

For sail or to rent—A spread of canvas on a vessel.

The soft-shell crab considers his case a hard one.

Cannibals especially dote on tender hearted people.

"Slack times," as the piece of lime said to the water.

Be very slow in making the acquaintance of a fast man.

A midnight broil—Oysters for two after the opera is over.

Going out with the tied—A wedding party leaving the church.

Advice to old bachelors who dye their hair—"Keep it dark."

A question for debate—Which eats the most chickens—ministers or owls?

A compliment is usually accompanied by a bow, as if to beg pardon for paying it.

A jockey is on the home stretch when he lounges on a sofa at his boarding-house.

No matter how much a candidate itches for office, he never likes to be scratched.

Shocking immorality: How often do we hear of people lying at the point of death.

A negro who was struck by lightning finally jumped up, saying, "Who fired dat shot?"

Why is the vowel O the only one ever sounded? Because all the others are inaud-*ible*.

What is the best adhesive label a traveler can put on his luggage? To stick to it himself.

A malignant sore throat is a very bad thing; but a malignant throat, not sore, is far worse.

"Uncle Sam is rich enough to give us all a farm," but he won't. He wants to give them to corporations.

"It is the lot of humanity to err at times," as the drunken man said who mistook his pig-sty for his own bedroom.

Shakespeare was married when he was 18, Napoleon at 26, and Brigham Young when he was 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, and so on.

Why is a young lady who has just left boarding-school like a building committee? Because she is ready to receive proposals.

An Illinois editor returns thanks for a centipede sent him by mail from Texas, it being the first cent of any kind that he had received for several weeks.

A little girl hearing her mother observe to another lady that she was going into half-mourning, inquired whether any of her relations were half dead.

A person's character depends a good deal upon his bringing up. For instance, a man who has been brought up by the police seldom turns out respectable.

A Michigan journal says: "In this State etiquette permits a bride to be married without gloves, because that's the way they handle the groom after marriage."

It is because he has heard that close attention to little things makes a successful business man, that the young clerk pays such close attention to his moustache.

The toughest thing we have heard about any candidate for office during the late election was that he got his poker chips cashed after he "experienced religion."

Time, twelve o'clock. She: "George, did you exhibit in the dog show?" He: "No; why?" She: "Oh, nothing; only you are such a remarkably fine 'setter.'" Exit young man.

Mistress (to her late servant): "Well, Mary, how have you been since you left me, and where are you living now?" Ye servant: "Please ma'm, I don't live anywhere, ma'm; I'm married, ma'm."

When may a ship be said to be foolishly in love? When she is attached to a buoy. When madly in love? When she is anchoring after a heavy swell. When ambitiously in love? When she is making for a pier.

A tourist new to the beer drinking ways of the good people of Munich, asked the lady presiding at a beer hall if her customers did not frequently become intoxicated. "Santa Maria, sir; they never get drunk, but they sometimes burst."

A little three-year-old daughter, whose mother was mixing a simple cough medicine for him, watched the process, and asked if it was good. He was permitted to taste, and exclaimed: "It's awful good, mamma. Let's keep it all for papa."

Never abuse a lady because she happens to keep a boarding-house. She is, in fact, a very tender hearted being. She lets spring chicken live as long as it can—lets it enjoy summer after summer, spring after spring—in fact, almost lets it die of old age, and knows that it can no longer enjoy itself in this life, before she puts it on the table. Kind hearts can never die.

It was very injudicious for women to go into walking matches. For fifty years men have supposed that women could not walk, and, therefore, they willingly walked the floor at night with the baby. But now that woman can so readily do a thousand miles in a thousand hours, they can certainly carry a baby ten miles around a sleeping-room—and we will have no more of it.

To Afford Immediate Relief in Asthma, try Dr. Jayne's Expectorant, which acts promptly by overcoming the spasmodic contraction of the wind-tubes, and by causing the ejection of the mucus which clogs them. For Whooping Cough, Croup and Hoarseness, this medicine is equally beneficial; while for all Pulmonary and Bronchial Disorders, it is both a palliative and a curative, and a sure and prompt remedy for all stubborn Coughs and Colds.

A YEAR AGO.

BY RICHARD DOWLING.

Down the forest a year ago
  Blossoms were falling, and skies were gray,
Crimson leaves rustled faint and low,
  Blue mists saddened the far away;
A moist west wind in the mourning trees
Bearing an echo of distant seas.

Ah, little love, I can see you now—
  Half in shadow and half in sun—
Standing under the beechen bough,
  When the flush of summer was past and done;
For the strange, sweet autumn has cast her spell
Over my love and our long farewell.

Dead leaves drifting about her feet,
  Crimson and russet, tawny-gold;
High above her the blossoms meet,
  Dying—and only a summer old?
Our love still blooms through a winter's snow,
Since the day we parted—a year ago.

A sweet little picture to lay in my heart,
  Wherever my fortune may bid me go;
I bear you too, love—we did not part
  Down in the forest a year ago.
Call it a fancy, or what you will,
  The dreamy spell that the autumn weaves;
We never parted—I hold her still,
  As I won her first in the falling leaves.

The Lost Cat.

BY HEMERA.

MISS ANN MARIA PARKER of Parksbury kept a cat—a grey Thomas cat, with white feet and face, and as Miss Parker was wont to observe, "a very amiable expression of countenance."

Miss Parker was a single lady of about forty—plump, fair, and generally attractive, and in all probability she would have been somebody's wife long before if there had been anybody of the male persuasion in the vicinity who had not already a wife.

But Parksbury had only three eligible men within its precincts.

Peter Hooper, who had only one eye, and was doubled up like a jack-knife, with rheumatism, stood first on the list.

Peter was a widower, and the first Mrs Hooper had never done anything in all her life that pleased him until the day she bade him farewell and enjoined it upon him to put a silver plate on her coffin, and be sure and have a notice of her death in the Parksbury Chronicle, stating that she was a good wife, and was much lamented by all her heartbroken friends.

Peter's faith in woman was not very deep, and there seemed little likelihood that there would ever be a second Mrs Hooper.

The second eligible man was Allan Githens, and Allan stuttered so badly that he had never been able to propose to any lady.

He had made several attempts to do so, but had never succeeded in getting through with the job in one day, and the next day his courage would be gone; and so he had never been made happy.

Lastly, there was Michael Maher

But Michael had a mother and seventeen sisters to support so that there was not much chance of his taking a wife at present

Miss Parker had always lived in Parksbury, so you will understand that her chances for committing matrimony had been exceedingly small.

She lived alone with her cat, whose baptismal name was Dick, and was very strongly attached to the animal, which was not strange, seeing he was all the family she had.

One luckless day Dick failed to put in an appearance at dinner time.

Miss Parker was strongly exercised over his remissness, but consoled herself with the idea there were rats in her neighbor Thompson's barn, and probably Dick was displaying a little strategy in capturing one of them for a lunch.

But when night came, and still no Dick, her anxiety increased, and she could not knit on the grey stocking she was doing for the Missionary Society—her eyes were so full of water.

Morning dawned and Dick came not.

Miss Parker put on her bonnet and shawl and went round to all the neighbors' barns and called him, and then she went to all the houses and inquired for him.

But nobody had set eyes on him.

One of the neighbors suggested that perhaps he had gone over to the Hanson place.

This farm had been managed by an agent, and the house had stood vacant; but only a few days before it had been purchased by a man named Payson, and he had already taken possession.

Miss Parker went at the top of her speed, and arrived at last within sight of the Payson domicile.

A river ran a little distance from the house, and on the banks of the river Miss Parker espied a portly gentleman walking up and down, with a bag in one hand and a cane in the other.

And while she gazed, a very far off and plaintive "me ye ow!" was wafted to her ears.

"It's Dick's cry!" she exclaimed, frantically, "and he's in that bag! And that dreadful old man is going to drown him!"

Maddened by the thought, she leaped forward, and reaching the old man's side, she made a dive for the bag.

The man stood on the very edge of the river bank, ten or fifteen feet above the water, and the footing was somewhat insecure.

He slipped, a stone gave way under his foot, and he went over, bag and all.

But there was a fallen tree between him and the water, and a projecting broken branch caught in the strap of the old gentleman's waistcoat behind, and held him suspended over the flood.

Everything depended on the strength of a buckle.

Mrs. Parker's blood ran cold.

"Don't, for Heaven's sake, let go of the bag!" cried she. "Don't, dear, that's a good man! You stick to the bag, and I'll stick to you!"

"Yes, but how am I to git myself unhitched?" cried the old man; "and what the dickens is to become of me when I am unhitched?—that's the question! Confound the cat! I wish it had been in Halifax before I ever set eyes on it!"

"Don't drop the bag!" cried Miss Parker "Only hold on a minute longer, and I'll save you both!"

The woman was a heroine in her small way.

She had got a hooked stick, and creeping out on the body of the tree, she reached down the hook and inserted it in the mouth of the bag

Very gently and carefully Dick and the bag, and the ballast it contained, were transported to terra firma

But alas! Miss Parker's foot slipped, through some mismanagement, and she would have gone into the water had she not caught by the old gentleman's legs and held on

"Gracious Peter!" cried the luckless old man, "them straps and buckles 'll bust now for certain!"

But Miss Parker kept her hold, and her companion waxed angry and kicked.

That kick was fatal!

There was a sound of cloth tearing, and the next moment the unlucky pair were floundering in the water.

Fortunately the river was not deep, and they only got a thorough wetting

Both crept ashore, looking very limp and very much subdued.

Miss Parker opened the bag and secured her cat

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said the old gentleman, "for what I was going to do with your cat. I supposed it was a stray one, and it ate up ten of my choicest chickens My name is Payson, ma'am."

"And mine is Parker," said the lady, blushing, and beginning to notice that Mr. Payson was not much above forty, and a very nice-looking man.

"Miss or Mrs.?" said the gentleman, insinuatingly.

"Miss," returned the lady, blushing rosier than ever.

"A very fine animal that is," said Mr. Payson," stroking Dick's back—"very fine. I really did not observe that it had such a very intelligent face."

"Very amiable expression of countenance, I think," returned Miss Parker.

"It must be heavy; let me carry him home for you," said Mr. Payson.

"Oh, no," said Miss Parker, "I really couldn't think of it You will take cold in your wet—wet—clothes."

But Mr. Payson laughed at the idea, and walked home with Miss Parker, though Dick wriggled out of his hands at once, and trotted along behind with a self-satisfied air, as if thoroughly conscious that he had brought it all about.

Of course Mr. Payson married Miss Parker, else I should never have written this story, and Dick is very fondly cherished by them both as the means of their present connubial bliss.

THE VERVAIN.—A vervain hat is sometimes presented to brides in Germany, where the belief in the influences of this plant, if not virtually felt, exists in shadows. There the peasants still gather it, and hang it in the sheds, to protect their cattle from witchcraft, a notion not yet quite extinguished in the remoter parts of England, any more than in Ireland and the Highlands. No one who sees this simply elegant little plant by the wayside, with its dark green branching stems and slender spikes of purplish or blue-gray blossoms, can at all comprehend the source of its mysterious powers. Amongst the Romans it formed an important item in religious decorations; their priests wore wreaths of it, the altars were garlanded with it, and the very brooms with which the ashes of sacrifice were removed, were composed of the sacred plant—practices undoubtedly borrowed from the Egyptians, from whom the Druids had previously introduced the superstitious use of it into Britain. By them it was only gathered at certain hours, with the magic ceremony of a sword-drawn circle; and a libation of broken honeycomb and new milk was poured upon the earth, as an atonement for depriving it of so sacred a deposit. Its official virtues, doubtless heightened by the faint halo of superstition still clinging to it, gave it a high place in the estimation of the old simplers: and not a hundred years since, it was used as an amulet by persons suffering from scrofula, and worn with a yard of white satin ribbon about the neck.

News Notes.

The latest estimate of Mr. Tilden's wealth puts it at $20,000,000.

England is now sending to America to have business cards printed.

A Maryland farmer has raised 564 chickens from fifteen hens this year.

Cincinnati's Archery Society will shoot all winter in the Exposition Hall.

One of the curiosities of San Antonio, Texas, is a boy born without arms.

Charleston S C., has had its first fall of snow for ten years. Hundreds of school children had never seen snow before.

Swedish cutlers at Bridgeport, Conn, work in the shops all day, and spend the evening at schools, in which they are trying to acquire English.

During a battle with the Zulus the officers of an English regiment had to hunt their men out from under the wagons where they had taken refuge.

While repairing a drain at a house in Rome some workmen unearthed a large number of coins of 1450 to 1550, and nearly $8,000 were offered for them.

Dr I. I. Hayes said in a lecture the other evening that he believed the Bennett expedition would reach the North Pole through a substantially open sea.

One English general in the Zulu war had about forty bullock wagons for carrying his chickens and other personal luxuries at a cost to England of $500 a wagon.

Agratena Ignatjewa a Russian peasant girl, was recently burned to death in her cottage by her fellow-villagers because she was thought to have "the evil eye."

Among the favorite materials for winter dresses should be placed satin—above all, black satin. It is even preferred to velvet, and has almost entirely replaced faille.

A Dublin pawnbroker testified that it was the custom of washerwomen to pledge clothes of respectable families. The clothes were pawned on Monday, and released on Saturday.

It is estimated that the fashionable society of New York—that is, the persons who habitually entertain and go to parties—does not number more than two thousand persons.

The importation of opium into China is gradually increasing. In 1878 the quantity of the imports was more than 9,500 000, an increase of about 1,500 000 pounds in seven years.

Several girls at Hagerstown, Md., tattooed their legs with the figure of a garter. The coloring matter proved to be poisonous, and one of the foolish damsels is in a critical condition.

In August last General Grant presented a valuable drop-curtain to the manager of the principal theatre in Tokio, and the manager now sends in return a splendid set of harness, ornamented with gold and lacquered.

Three kittens have died of diphtheria in Ogdensburg. They contracted the disease from children affected with it. The post mortem examination showed plainly the diphtheritic membrane in the kittens' throats.

The last fashionable freak in England is the giving of concerts by ladies of rank in public halls. Lady Folkestone and the Marchioness of Waterford, both fine pianists and singers, are at the head of this "boom."

A family of emigrants were found occupying a tomb in a cemetery near Providence, R I., that had been left open. When discovered they had had possession a week, and were using the coffin shelves to put their dishes on.

A square of black velvet, embroidered in cashmere colors and bordered with gold fringe, is the last ornament for the hair invented by Parisians. It is drawn into a formless mass of wrinkles and set on the top of the head.

A farmer in Oakland county, Mich., 81 years old, was turned out of doors by his son. He hobbled round to the barn and burned up the whole establishment, which represented the work of his lifetime. His grit held out to the end.

The latest developed mushroom mining town is Eureka, Ark. On July 4 there were but six persons there, and not a house. On the 15th of November it had 300 houses and a population of 2,000, and the only attractions are lead mines.

Mr Fawcett, the blind member of the British Parliament, has been salmon fishing in Wales. He landed one fish that weighed 21 pounds. Mr. Fawcett rides on horseback at a gallop, skates and climbs mountains in spite of his blindness.

It is proposed at Vicksburg to change the channel of the Yazoo River by turning it into the old channel of the Mississippi. This would give the city a prominent river front, and save it from the fast approaching fate of being left high and dry.

Miss Edwards, the young lady of Liverpool whose mysterious disappearance and recovery has made such a stir in England, is represented as being in a very critical condition, so that the subject has to be avoided for fear of fatal consequences.

Says a London journal: "Mrs. Langtry has a rival in Mrs. Josiah Caldwell, of Cuba, now residing at Tunbridge Wells, London." Mr. Caldwell, formerly of Boston, is engaged in an eight million dollar contract for the construction of a railroad in Italy."

Muffs have certainly submitted to a transformation, and we have gone back to the last century for models. One fair Parisian dame ordered a Watteau enamelled snuff-box, set in diamonds, to be added to her muff, so anxious was she to revive the modes of a hundred years ago.

No health with inactive liver and urinary organs without Hop Bitters.

The climate of Fiji Islands is well fit for the Angora goat, and the late experiments with a flock on the Ra coast were so satisfactory that the enterprise is being extended. The produce is declared to be well grown, of good texture, and almost equal to the best Turkish mohair.

One of the latest Ritualist developments in England has been the formation of what is called the Guild of St. Luke. This society, which seeks to band together medical men of pronounced Anglican tendencies, recently held high festival in St. Paul's Cathedral, and in various ways is thrusting itself upon the notice of the public.

The Best Way to Cheer Up.

If you are a despondent invalid, is to grow stronger. This you can do if you will take a piece of advice which has the weight of high medical authority to back it. That is to use the standard invigorant, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, specially commended and indorsed by physicians. Among the bodily troubles which it overcomes are dyspepsia, irregularity of the bowels, liver complaint, general debility and nervous complaints. It is also found very useful in counteracting a tendency to weakness or disorder of the kidneys and bladder, and persons troubled with rheumatism strongly indorse it as a remedy. Its influence upon the entire system is highly beneficial, promoting as it does the return of sleep and appetite, and the acquisition of flesh and strength. A silent reproof of the folly of nauseous drug medication is conveyed in the success of this pleasant and effective botanical medicine.

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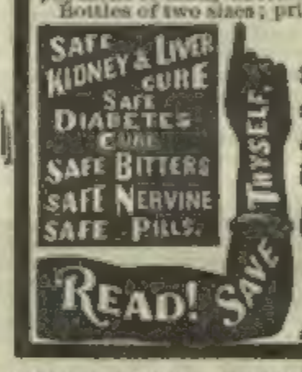

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Ladies' Department.

FASHION NOTES.

To convey an idea of the enormous variety and richness of the new dress fabrics is no easy task; two kinds of plush stand in the front rank; one of these is the modern material of the name, the other an imitation of the plush used in the reign of Louis XVI.; shot and ribbed velvets and brocaded cashmeres will be in great vogue. These cashmeres have dark, plain grounds, with small patterns in many colors blended together, but always with one color predominating. The designs are a reminiscence of the branching patterns of the last century. A new kind of Turkish cashmere has the ground in blended pale colors, instead of one shade, with a curiously-mixed pattern combining palms with shadowy Pompadour flowers and the design of a Turkey carpet.

A material which is much admired is Indian mousseline de laine, now made thicker and transformed into a species of light cloth. Good cheviots and other English fabrics of rather coarse make, in black or bronze, with an almost invisible mixture of red or dark green specks, are used for walking costumes.

Magnificent ball toilettes will be made of Japanese and Persian tissues embroidered with gold and colored stones, and of armure, which, being itself such a beautiful material, requires but little trimming. A very elegant toilette is made of prune de Monsieur armure; the skirt falls over a deep pleating of prune and gold colored Pekin; the tunic is also of armure, and is simply draped on the hips by large bows; the bodice has a large Romeo collar, and a small Venetian mantle of armure lined with gold-colored silk, and trimmed with chenille.

The names of some of the new colors are: blackbird, Nubian red brown, canaque (a kind of red brick), fuchsia, sapphire, Hussard blue; Montjoye and Kodive, two varieties of prune; red violet, and blue violet.

A lovely Watteau costume is of Pekin velvet, black stripes on a grey satin ground. This costume has the front of the skirt of grey satin closely drawn. The sides are of velvet, the back of satin and velvet, pleated in the new fashionable large pleats. The skirt is edged by a pleated flounce of satin, with two narrow bands of velvet on the flounce. The casaque is tailor cut, and is of satin, with deep basque of velvet, and velvet paraments on the cuffs.

Modistes are making numbers of Louis XV. jackets, and Directoire and Robespierre coat bodices, of Oriental cashmere, either plain or laminated with gold or silver. Matinees are made of plain cashmere in all colors, and trimmed with bands, four inches wide, of figured cashmere, they are delightfully comfortable, as they are lined with quilted silk.

The trimming of mantles, scarfs, visites, and dolmans are most varied; a great deal of jet is used, and feathers of all kinds, from ostrich feathers to lophophore, Guinea fowl, and even marabout feathers. Passementerie, fancy trimmings of floss silk, thick rolls of marabout silk in shaded colors, matching the costume, are all worn, and chenille fringe will take the place of the crimped braid fringes, which have been so much worn.

Every variety of bonnet is accepted, but there are three distinct types; the Directoire, which is made in numerous ways and sizes; the Rembrandt, which is raised or drooped to the wearer's will, but is, in all cases, a large hat with long feathers; and the Parisienne, a simple capote in a small size, and generally adopted by ladies who object to anything conspicuous or eccentric. The Directoire is made in small, medium, and large sizes; it is a calicote, a cabriolet, or a half-cabriolet, and some modistes have succeeded in making these bonnets becoming by modifying the size and shape a little; a Taillen bonnet, for instance, for dressy occasions, is of dark ruby velvet, the brim lined with gold braid, and the chapeau ornamented with a plume of ruby feathers. Another of bronze green velvet is lined with old gold-colored satin, and trimmed with bronze feathers and a bow of velvet to correspond. A plain black beaver is nearly covered with black feathers; the brim is lined with old gold, and the strings are of black and gold-colored satin.

A Rembrandt hat of black beaver felt has the brim raised on one side and lowered on the other; very large feathers ornament each side with the head of a golden pheasant on the left. A Van Dyck hat is of beige felt, the edge of the brim lined with seal brown plush; brown feathers surround the crown, and the trimming is completed by a plume of brown and beige feathers. In capotes the pretty black lace Colinacon is still a favorite, but slightly altered. The crown is covered, as before, with the widening circles of narrow black pleated lace; but in front fluted lace, like the border of a cap, is fastened down by a row of large jet beads; at the sides are two blue wings and a little plume of black feathers, and the strings are of black satin ribbon. Another capote is of Turkish cashmere, with a border of brown plush, and two large pins of Milanese gold work stuck into the cashmere. The strings are of plush.

Another style is a fichu or broche cachemire skilfully taken around the head, and surrounded by a garnet velvet plaiting, making a bordering around the head. These coiffures are in imitation of the Madras turbans worn by Creoles. Caps are also made in this style. They are often striped crepe de Chine, trimmed with gilt ornaments. So many different styles of caps are made that it is impossible to attempt to describe them. Every kind of ornament is placed on these. Flowers are used only on evening bonnets, and for dresses, and these are no longer the exquisite exotics of the conservatory, but flowers that bloom in the fields, by hedges or streams, and in the old-fashioned gardens, as pinks and larkspur, ragged robins, daisies, marigolds, and buttercups, and great creamy damask roses.

Fur muffs will be only carried with costumes that are trimmed with fur; on other occasions the muff will match the bonnet, and be exactly in the style and after the model of those used in Louis XVI.'s reign.

The Pompadour muff is very elegant, and yet quiet in style. It is made of satin, black lace, and a large bouquet of dark roses at the side. It is also to be seen in gathered satin to match the color of the dress, a bullonne of Duchesse lace at each end, a large bow of ribbon at the top, with a scarabeus on one of the ends.

Another pretty model is of claret plush, with bands of gold brocaded cashmere at the ends, and an owl's head in the centre. The flots of lace that fall on the hand are soft and becoming.

The length of the skirt denotes clearly the occasion on which a dress is to be worn. Short costumes are made for the street; demi-trains for indoor wear; and long trains for full dress occasions; otherwise there is no set rule. Individual tastes may be gratified, and bodices may be long, coat-shaped, or banded, as fancy dictates; while paniers and flat panels are equally popular.

Casaquins, with added basques, are already giving way to coat bodices cut in one. This new style consists of a bodice, often of material quite different from the dress, forming a long point falling on the skirt at the side, and with small coat tails prettily arranged with ribbon at the back. The bodice is rounded in front, showing the end of a waistcoat of a different material and color, and a wide band starting from the seam under the arm is fastened in front with a large old fashioned silver buckle. The top opens over the waistcoat or a pleated chemisette of thin material, and large plush revers meeting at the waist are turned back to the shoulder bordering the waistcoat or chemisette.

The Letoriere coat bodice is a new model which will be made of plush to wear during the day, and for evening toilette of light colored moire; white, rose de la reine, moonlight blue, pale amber, and silvered periwinkle will be the favorite shades; the revers will be of lace—the finest Flemish or Brussels point, and the buttons of filigree or enamel. Some of the coat bodices are made of Indian cashmere fabric striped with Brahma blue and mandarin, and with a profusion of red, gold, and dark-green palms. Others are Indian red with the palms in white and bright gold, or with a mosaic pattern in Ceylon blue and coral red shaded with colored silk and gold thread. These fabrics (cachemire snot in wool or in silk) are used for sorties de bal and carriage wraps trimmed with brown or black for borders, for trimming dresses, and above all, for casaque corsages to be worn with all skirts, as I stated some time ago, predicting the great success of this fashion. Every lady has one or more old skirts without the waists, which always wear out sooner than the rest of the dress, and which may be transformed into a modern toilette by means of a casaque of broche cachemire.

Polonaises are now called overdresses by Parisian dressmakers, and many of them are made with panier draperies. Among the new fancies is that of cutting the edges of the fronts of basqued bodices into elongated squares or battlements, corded or piped.

Buttons play an important role in the dress of to-day, and there is such a variety in them, that to describe even the leading features would be a laborious task. Pearl, steel, silver, cashmere, Japanese, painted china and wood, enamelled, embroidered, crochet, gimp, and plain buttons are all worn. The approved style for simple costumes are of black coroso, the finely-grained wood of a kind of palm tree, which takes a brilliant polish. Sometimes the monogram or the coronet of the wearer is cut on these buttons, in the same manner as on steel buttons. Another novelty in buttons consists in making them of the material used for trimming the dress; but, instead of covering moulds with the fabric, they are mounted on metal with rims of steel, gilt, or jet. Another variety is a set of cream white porcelain buttons, hand-painted, each button bearing a different device—such as a bird, a bee, a butterfly, a flower, etc. A coat takes ten of such buttons—six for the front, two of the larger size for sleeves, and two for the back of the waist. Some of these painted and enamelled buttons cost as much as four dollars each, but then they are small works of art; for their production they require not only a certain amount of talent, but great taste. The newest jet buttons for velvet coats are large and smoothly polished ones, and are sewn on through two gold-rimmed eyes that ornament the centre.

Fireside Chat.

One of the latest novelties in fancy work to report is the revival of the ribbon embroidery, which, however, is not likely to become popular, on account of its exorbitant cost.

In truth, amateurs have but little time to invent anything, so busy are they in hunting up antiquities and puzzling their brains for some expedient to turn them to the best account. Besides, woven materials and ribbons are so gorgeously decorated that they make hand embroidery superfluous; and if any work be attempted, it is merely the gold and silver outlining of their splendid patterns, more for amusement than any real purpose. Anyhow, it is always a pleasure to meet with a fine specimen of needlework; as, for instance, an arm-chair in gray satin, decorated on the wide seat with a superb peacock; in front appeared its proud head and breast, padded in relief, while its beautiful plumage spread in the rear; the semi-circular back had nine divisions, each displaying a single peacock's feather, the largest in the centre, and the rest decreasing gradually on the sides. So truthful and vivid was the stitchery that one had to touch it to ascertain it was not the plumage itself.

Some residents of the country devote their spare moments to spray work; they dispose autumn leaves in tasteful groups, either on wood, velvet, etc., and splutter round them in the usual way. This process has lately been much improved upon. To inexperienced hands it offers two great objections—the manipulation and fixing of the brittle leaves, and the difficulty of obtaining a good variety. Of late, boxes have been prepared, containing a regular collection of card-board flowers and foliage; these do not require such delicacy of touch, and are easily pinned. The ground may be either splashed or washed over with contrasting color, then leaves and flowers are removed, and the veining, stamens, and other finishing touches put in with a fine brush. Such an easy method calls for no previous knowledge of painting, and is far more ornamental than the plain ink spattering; by its means can be got up cushions, and various medallions. To the botanical student it will come very handy for portraying specimens which cannot be preserved in another way. Very pretty hand screens deserve a mention for their peculiarity. Slightly oval-shaped, they are composed of a kind of coarse open linen, very similar to that used by cheesemakers and pastrycooks. On this material a landscape is wrought in very fine wool, intermingled with chenille or silk, and in the foreground stand in relief, and in a graceful attitude, 4-inch figures dressed up like dolls in the richest materials, their heads and hands being in painted cardboard. The subjects generally chosen as most picturesque are outdoor scenes, animated with shepherdesses and peasants. In other screens of satin cloth, the figures are merely placed in the centre with no surroundings; these represent negroes with their red striped suits and banjos, Pierrots, elegant brides, etc. The dressings and gumming of these dolls is not easy; it requires an artistic taste and very deft fingering, which gives a certain value to such knickknacks.

Oriental embroidery and tissues are in much vogue. Charming mats are contrived with the Japanese squares, lining them with red twill, and inserting a padding of perfumed wadding, double folds of flannel or swansdown. A variegated chints galloon not only binds the edge, but projects beyond inch-wide scallops of waved, fringe like loops. The whole is set off by the indispensable fluffy tassels, sewn on underneath, in order to spread flat on the table. The well known linen embroidery, often tinselled, comes in well for gipsy and Queen Anne tables, either as squares or bands. They fashion also pretty top cushions, and the scraps are now mingled with any kind of applique work.

The most novel lamp shades are those recalling in shape Japanese or Chinese architecture. We will explain one of this kind, which is utilized as a shade or flowerpot cover. Take a piece of cardboard, seven and one-quarter inches by five inches, divide by a central perpendicular, and at the lowest part shape a two-inch curve from its extremities, draw on each side a hollow line as far as one and a half inches from the top and one inch from the middle. Separate the upper edge into two half-inch scallops, and above, on either side, draw the scroll pendants often seen on frames of Japanese hall lanterns. Cut out twelve of these divisions, gum them together, and, if intended for a lamp, fold them lengthways. Bore in each a central hole two inches down, and nearly at the top two smaller ones to receive a thread of ribbon, which may draw up the shade. Painting, decalcomanie, and ferns under net, will all make a pretty decoration. When employed as a flower pot cover, the ornament is inverted, and the pieces laced or bound together. They tassels depute the balls all round. The border and central adornments consist of a painted or embroidered blossom; for the latter the design is drawn on cardboard and pricked in Kindergarten style. To our fancy this model looks better as a flower-pot cover than a shade, especially when surrounding those large vases, which, filled up with a variety of blossoms, brighten every home. A charming sofa blanket or convrette may be made of squares of two colors in Berlin wool. The size of each square is that by having twenty-four stitches on the crotchet in crotchet tricotee. The colors that I saw were pale blue and maroon. In the centre of the blue there was a star of gold-colored filoselle, with a stitch in black worked between each ray, and the same in the middle of the maroon squares. After a sufficient number are made, each square is joined to the next by three rows of black Berlin wool, with a small cross in gold-colored filoselle worked on the middle row at intervals. I think our readers will like this pattern, as it is very handsome when finished. Fringe is added after.

Penalties of Etiquette.—Many have not heard the story of the Queen of Charles II., who fell off her horse and hung by the stirrup in the presence of her forty three attendants. "The sight was grievous," says an old author, "but the forty-three stood still and gazed at it in anguish deep and sad and motionless, because the grand equarry, whose peculiar right it was to unhook the royal ankle on such occasions, happened to be somewhere else. Her Majesty would have remained suspended there indefinitely, if a good-hearted, but uninstructed passer-by had not taken upon himself to release her. He received several doubloons for his useful services, but was condemned to banishment for his unpardonable indiscretion." Still more lamentable was the case of Philip III., who, finding the fire was too hot for his royal well-being, told the Marquis de Pobar to put it out. But the Marquis could not be induced to do so, because fire extinction was one of the attributions of the Duke de Useda, who, most fortuitously, was at that moment hunting in Catalonia. So the King, who of course could not condescend to give way to fire—fire being bound to give way to kings—sat majestically and scorchingly still, grew far too warm for health, got erysipelas, and thereby died. Early French etiquette was almost as extreme as that of Spain. Arm-chairs, backed chairs, and stools were, as Voltaire says, important objects of politics and illustrious subjects of quarrels. Voltaire goes on to say that Mademoiselle spent a quarter of her life in mortal tribulation of disputes about her seats; ought she to sit in a certain room, upon a chair, or upon a stool, or not sit down at all? The whole Court was in emotional perplexity about these insoluble difficulties. Even the king himself was not free from the obligation of sitting according to regulation. If he condescended to visit a courtier ill in bed, etiquette constrained his Majesty to lie down too, for it was impossible that a sovereign could permit a subject to indulge in unshared recumbency in his presence; so when the king was coming to a sick-room, a second bed was prepared beforehand, and the conversation conducted in positions of mutual horizontality. Louis XIII. visited Richelieu in this way at Tarascon; and Louis XIV. did the same when he went to see the Marshal de Villars after Malplaquet.

Words of love are truly works of love.

Answers to Inquirers.

Reader, (Richmond, Va.)—The land is worth nothing and the concern has been shown to be a fraud.

Lily, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—There is no place where a will can be read before the testator's death.

E. E. S., (Cabell, W. Va.)—You may send it on, and if it is worth publishing we will use it with pleasure.

J. D. (Ingham, Mich.)—If anything will remove the ink stains from the light tweed coat, it is cyanide of potassium. A little piece must be moistened and rubbed upon it.

R. R. (Cheshire, N. H.)—You can only overcome the deficiencies you mention by earnest application and study. There are no special rules that we can recommend for the purpose.

P. E. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—Never mind if your fashionable companions do call you old-fashioned. Your future husband will like you all the better for the traits which induce them thus to designate you.

Constant, (Providence, R. I.)—According to your statement, your eyesight is in a precarious condition, and your case should be submitted to a competent oculist as soon as possible. In the meantime give your eyes all possible rest.

Handley, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—There is no system of flirtation that we are aware of based upon the hat. 2. If the stories are false and the parties separate, it would be quite correct to again keep company, when the tales are shown to be lies.

Cricket, (Andrew, Mo.)—A face should not be too fat nor too thin. There is a medium in this, as in most other things. Some people get their hands made red and chapped by washing in cold water. They should therefore use warm water.

Stonewall, (Stafford, Va.)—Different writers attribute a different number of plays to Shakspeare. He is regarded however by the best authorities as having written only thirty-seven. These are generally printed in what are considered complete editions of his works.

L. N. (Elbert, Ga.)—We have repeatedly stated that a young lady should not be forward in love affairs, but should compel her lover to lay siege to the citadel of her heart in due form. But, of course, when he once calls upon her to surrender, she can do so as "unconditionally" as she pleases.

Forest, (Carroll, Md.)—It would be a great piece of folly for you, a youth of twenty, to marry a woman "eight or nine years" your senior. In making the great disparity of your ages an insuperable objection to her marrying you, the lady in question shows how much more sensible she is than you are.

S. L. Y. (Winn, La.)—A young lady should be able to make up her own mind on the question of choosing a husband. In the case to which you refer, where she halts between wealth and friendship on the one hand, and love and poverty on the other, the chances are that she will regret her choice, whichever it may be.

B. R. D. (Huron, O.)—When a young lady is formally engaged to a gentleman, and he dies before the marriage, she may with propriety wear mourning for him; but it is not necessary. It being pure matter of feeling, rather than of etiquette, there is no precise rule for the time the mourning is to be worn.

Ero Tir, (Somerset, Me.)—The bridegroom is not to conduct the lady to the altar. One of her relatives, as the person who acts in the capacity of a father, should do this. When the ceremony is concluded, it is not the duty of the bridegroom to salute the bride; it was the old-fashioned way, but it is not tolerated by etiquette now-a-days.

K. B. (Washington, Pa.)—The Turkish language is commonly called "Osmanli," just as our language is called "English." It is a compound of other languages, but is as rich and polished as any other language in the world. Sir William Jones praised its "admirable dignity," and Jaubert considers it "the most perfect that can be."

P. K. (Pike, Ill.)—Perhaps your unfortunate habit of despondency, and your constant complainings, are what have driven your husband elsewhere for comfort. A fretful, complaining wife is rather more than most men can endure—is, in fact, about the greatest domestic nuisance conceivable, with the single exception of a fretful, complaining husband.

A. Y. (Knox, Ky.)—Any of the three forms of expression which you submit—namely, "There has been a mistake made," "There has been made a mistake," or "A mistake has been made," is correct; but the second form, "There has been made a mistake," is awkward and exceptional. It should only be used in cases where it might be required in order to give the right accent or measure.

P. R. (Kershaw, S. C.)—A dandy is not "necessarily a fool." On the contrary a thorough-bred dandy is apt to be a person of unusual ability in many respects. Beau Brummel, for instance, was a man of fine talents; and had his moral qualities been equal to his intellectual endowments, he might have run a great, instead of a simply novel and eccentric, career. But an inferior dandy is usually among the most contemptible of the human species.

C. M. (Fayette, Tex.)—When inhaling air that is dusty, or bad smelling, or otherwise impure, one should draw the breath slowly through the nostrils. In this way, the dust and other impurities are in part arrested in the moist and narrow nasal passages, and are prevented from being thrown upon the lungs. When we breathe through the mouth, the are carried more directly thither. Many would lengthen their lives by resolutely breathing through the nostrils.

G. B. H. (West Philadelphia, Pa.)—Beavers form the link between the quadrupeds and the fishes, as the bat is the link between the quadrupeds and the birds. Beavers are gnawers, rodents, with two large cutting teeth, which are separated from the grinders by an empty space. The fore-parts of the beavers adapt them to the land, their hind-parts for the water, their small forepaws with five long toes serving them as hands, and their larger webbed hind-feet acting as paddles.

G. E. H. (Shenandoah, Pa.)—The properties of coal in the production of gas were known by the ancients, and practically used by that wonderful people, the Chinese; but it was not until 1792 that a gasometer and an apparatus for the manufacture were erected in England by the inventor, Mr. W. Murdoch. His efforts met with little encouragement till 1801, when the manufactory of Boulton and Watt, at Birmingham, was publicly illuminated with gas on the festival of the peace of Amiens.

C. H. M. (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The policy of the Catholic Church is against marriage between their members and Protestants. Such marriages are performed by priests, however, when an express stipulation is made that the children of the union shall be brought up in the Catholic faith; but of late some priests object to them under any circumstances. You are right, however, in rejecting at once the idea of professing a belief you don't hold even to get the wife of your choice.

J. J. (Kent, Del.)—Where the acquaintance has been an old one, and the lovers have known each other from childhood, there is then but little to learn. It is in these cases where a previous knowledge of each other has not been obtained—where the habits and principles are but little understood—that caution is so much required. A fair face and a fine figure are not the best credentials. Yet are they the most obvious and the most likely to excite admiration. Time is required to find out what is within the beautiful exterior.

Anna B. (Burke, N. C.)—Loud laughter in either sex, when in company, is considered as exceedingly vulgar. The half smile is said to indicate innocence and virtue; and the smile inspires love and friendship. The laugh, in its turn, expresses lively joy and undissembled mirth. The laugh, however, is far from having in females the grace of the smile; when carried to excess it becomes ridiculous, and is converted into a frightful grimace. If it is habitual, it in time totally alters the face, imprints wrinkles upon it, distorts all the features, and entirely destroys all its beauty.

W. C. B. (Columbia, Pa.)—A bee in the States of New England and New York means an assemblage of people for a set purpose, consequently applied to a spelling-match. It has, however, generally a more limited meaning. A meeting of neighbors to unite in working for an individual or family is called a bee. The quilting-bees are attended by young women, who assemble around the frame of a bedquilt and in one afternoon accomplish more than one person could in weeks. Refreshments and beaus help to render the meeting agreeable. Apple-bees are occasions when the neighbors assemble to gather apples or to cut them up for drying. Husking-bees for husking corn, meet in barns, and have much frolicking. In new counties when a settler arrives the neighboring farmers unite with their teams, cut the timber and build him a log house in a single day; these are termed raising-bees. Spelling bees are those engaged in a spelling match.